THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

Volume LI. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1901. Number 36

Moore & Geo 16 Oct 02
400 Edwards

Ever Near.

THY thoughts are good, and thou art kind,
E'n when we think thee not;
How many an anxious, faithless mind
Sits grieving o'er its lot,
And frets and pines by day and night,
As God had lost it out of sight,
And all its wants forgot.

Ah, no! God ne'er forgets his own,
His heart is far too true;
He ever seeks their good alone,
His love is daily new,
And though thou deem that things go ill,
Yet he is just and holy still,
In all things he can do.

The Lord is ever close and near
To those who keep his word;
Whene'er they cry to him in fear,
Their prayer is surely heard;
He knoweth well who love him well;
His love shall yet their clouds dispel,
And grant the hope deferred.

—*Paul Gerhardt.*

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Published every Thursday at the Congregational Headquarters, Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, by the

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THE PACIFIC

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE; WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT HYPOCRISY

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, September 5, 1901.

Crumbs.

I wept and said, "These crumbs cannot be worth
The giving unto any;
They are so small I will not cast them forth."
* * * * *
Then the Master said,
"Cast forth the crumbs I gave thee; they are bread!
Thou knowest that thy beginning
I will fulfill: thy blindness cannot see
Our Father's law of using."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

One of the Sunday-school teachers who has a class of high school boys in the First Congregational church of Oakland recently made a good move. She asked the mothers of the boys to meet her in her home and talked over with them the problems and difficulties of the class. The mothers appreciated afresh the difficulties that beset a teacher of a class of boys at the age when they are most apt to drop out of Sunday-school. The conference resulted in closer sympathy and greater readiness for co-operation between mother and teacher. The mothers also decided to study the Bible themselves more systematically that they might the better assist the boys in the preparation of the lessons, and they are to meet together once every two weeks for this special study. The home is the main factor in "the newer evangelism," and the more the church can ally itself with the forces in the home, the better for the growth of the kingdom.

The Gideon Society held a two days' convention in Chicago last week. This society is composed of commercial travelers who neither swear, nor play cards, nor use intoxicating drinks. As Christian laymen it is their aim, as they travel about the country, to preach the gospel by word and by act on all occasions and in every possible way. They wear a little button badge on which is engraved a pitcher with a torch in it. In January, 1899, two commercial travelers were assigned to the same room in a small town in Wisconsin. Before going to bed one of them took from his grip a Bible and proceeded to read from it. The other one said, as he observed this, "Brother, that kind of thing suits me all right, and if you have no objection I'll join you." And they read and knelt together in prayer. Out of this came the thought that a society of Christian drummers ought to be formed. After a few months a meeting was called, which was attended by three persons, and an organization was effected. They read the seventh chapter of Judges and named themselves the "Gideons." Now the society, just two months more than two years old, has a membership of about two thousand. The gospel trumpet is a good trumpet to blow, and there is no doubt that those traveling men will accomplish considerable good. When it becomes known throughout the country what the wearing of that badge signifies, the little button itself will be in every presence a silent testimony for Christ. And a word here and there, tactfully given, will sow seed from which harvests will come. It is to be hoped that all the Gideons will show greater tact, however, than the man whom we heard remark in Seattle, a few years ago, that he was never in the companionship of any man for three minutes without questioning him as to his soul. Action with so little discrimination frequently repels. And a very grave fault in Christian work is haste. People are too anxious for immediate results, and so, much superficial work is done. Very frequently it is a wise policy to plant a truth in the mind and give it time to work. Flitting about, as they must, from place to place, the Gideons will need to exercise care that they do not repel those whom they seek to win, and that they do not, in the too general haste, engage in a merely superficial work.

At the San Francisco Ministers' Meeting on Monday the subject under consideration was the "Workingman and the Church of Today." The Rev. William Rader led in an able and temperate paper, in which was noted the fact that many of the workingmen are not in friendly relations with the church. But there was on his part no condemnation of the Church in general. Nor was there a disposition on the part of any of the persons present to indulge in the sweeping condemnation of the Church that is sometimes heard when such subjects are being discussed. It is a good sign that it is so. The Church is not hostile to the workingman; it is the workingman's best friend, and has done more for him than any other institution or agency. The workingmen are absent from the churches for the same reason, in part, that professional men and business men and clerks, etc., are absent. They haven't been brought to see their need of that which the church can give; or, if they do see their need, they do not care to have the need supplied. Other workingmen stay away from the churches for the reason that

they find in every church persons in business whom they place with that capitalistic class which they regard as piling up on all sides immense fortunes while refusing to give to the workingmen what they hold to be a fair share of the profits. With some workingmen it is the habit to make this indiscriminate classification. Of course, then, the men whom they abhor will be found prominently identified with the work of almost every church, and from such they will hold themselves aloof. Now, the facts are that investigation does not show that men in manufacturing enterprises and in trade, with a few exceptions, are making money beyond what they should make when their investments and risks are considered. Capital is worth something, and so is ability to manage a business successfully. We have no doubt that there are many instances in which the workingmen should have a higher wage, and the men who employ them are wronging the workingmen and themselves also by not giving that better wage. But there is so much hasty, unreasonable criticism of employers. We happen to know of a case on this Coast in which a yielding to the demands of the trades-unions in the matter of apprentices would have cut down the profits of a manufactory one-half. And yet there was in the business no profit such as would allow dividends after the payment of reasonable salaries for management. But many people jumped at conclusions and condemned the proprietors as niggardly for not acceding to the demands of the union. When we get out of the minds of these workingmen—those who are holding themselves aloof—the erroneous idea that men in business are faring so royally there will be opportunity to bring them into our churches. Let it be noted that we do not say that workingmen in general are holding this erroneous idea, and for that reason are condemning the churches, but that *some* are.

Modern Miracles.

In editorials in the last two issues of The Pacific we have tried to impress on the minds of our readers the truth that the "fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much"; that it avails now as in Bible times. This, with the thought that much is missed in the lives of many Christians, in that they do not avail themselves of the great privilege of prayer as they should; and with the hope that more might be brought to imitate in all the difficulties and problems and sorrows of life the examples of those early disciples, who, when they had buried the body of John the Baptist, "went and told Jesus"; and the example also of the sisters who went to him with the words, "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick."

Our thought has led thus far only along the line of help and relief in matters physical and temporal. But it should never be forgotten that there are spiritual blessings greater far than any yet considered. When the sick of the palsy was let down through the roof of the house and laid before the Savior the first sweet words that sounded in his ears were, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." Afterward came the words, "Arise, take up thy bed and go into thy house." A lesson, this, that if we have the spiritual blessings which Christ can give, the merely physical and temporal sufferings and deprivations may be endured—that the removal of sin is of far more importance than the supplying of any temporal want or the removal of sickness.

Accordingly, we consider now the privilege of going to Jesus, or to the Father through him, with those burdens that press upon our own souls and the souls of those who are near and dear to us. Doubtless every Christian believes that for ourselves we can go to him and ask and receive forgiveness of sin; but, can we carry to him in prayer souls stricken with sin, and with them hear the glad words, "Thy sins be forgiven thee"? This is the question now. Leaving out of the consideration at present everything in Bible times, the attention is turned again to what we have termed "modern miracles."

Back there in the early centuries are found the prayers of Monica for her son Augustine, who wallowed in sensuality and followed after the intellectual errors of the times. Monica was a woman of decided piety, and from his mother Augustine as a child received the liveliest impressions of religion. Never did a mother follow more earnestly with her prayers a beloved son or daughter than Monica followed Augustine. But long time, year after year, he continued in sin. Once she went to a venerable bishop and begged him to argue with the young man to turn him from the error of his ways. But the bishop, knowing his egotism, wisely said: "Let him alone awhile; only pray God for him." And when she importuned him he added, in words which to the mother seemed to come from heaven: "Go thy ways and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of these tears should perish." Once, while the mother slept, there appeared to her in a dream one who had the appearance of an angel, and who comforted with words and a vision which she kept in her mind and pondered often during long years of waiting. In her dream she herself seemed to be standing on a bridge which no storm could shake and no destructive waters undermine. The message which the radiant visitor brought her was the assurance that where she was there should her son be also. She awoke soon and Augustine was standing by her side.

Despair almost entered that mother's heart when the son announced his intention of leaving Carthage and going to Italy. She followed him as far as the sea, and there, while she was in an oratory praying that God would not allow him to sail, through deception he was able to separate himself from her and take departure. But in that darkest hour God was leading. In Italy he came under the influence of the celebrated Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, and by him was brought into the light as it is in Christ.

That mother's prayers were not answered just as she wanted them to be answered, just when she wanted the answer, but they were answered.

It was an experience somewhat similar to this that led

the sainted missionary, Adoniram Judson, to say just a few days before his death: "I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came, at some time, no matter at how distant a day; somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have desired, it came. And yet I have had so little faith! May God forgive me; and, while he condescends to use me as his instrument, wipe the sin of unbelief from my heart.

While laboring as a missionary in India, Judson became interested in the Jews in Palestine, and elsewhere in the East. He prayed earnestly for their conversion, and raising a thousand dollars he asked the Baptist Missionary Union to undertake work in Palestine in their behalf. The enterprise was not, however, undertaken, and it must have seemed to those acquainted with the facts that Judson's prayers remained unanswered. That which came to his knowledge just before his death was in effect that a tract which had been published in Germany, giving account of some of his missionary labors, had fallen into the hands of some Jews and had been the means of their conversion; that it had reached other Jews in Asiatic Turkey and had awakened among them so great an interest that a request had been made that a missionary be sent them from Constantinople. It was with great astonishment that Judson heard of these things. At first he said: "I do not know what to make of it. This frightens me." And then he was moved to that utterance as to prayer and its answer in his experience in the words quoted above.

Once something said by Spurgeon in a sermon caused a poor woman to think that he was familiar with a sorrow that had come to her, being deserted by her husband, and she went to him at the close of the service for sympathy and help. The husband had fled the country and Spurgeon said, when she unburdened herself: "There is nothing that we can do but kneel down and cry to the Lord for the immediate conversion of your husband." So they knelt and Spurgeon prayed that the Lord would touch the heart of the deserter, convert him and return him to his home. When they arose he said to the woman: "Do not fret. I feel sure your husband will come home, and that he will yet become connected with our church." Months afterward, when Spurgeon had forgotten the occurrence, the woman appeared before him and introduced a man to him as her husband. He had returned a changed man, and it was ascertained that the very day on which they had knelt and prayed for his conversion, far away on the sea, a copy of one of Spurgeon's sermons had fallen into his hands and had brought him into the Christian life. As soon as possible he sought to return to his home, and in a few weeks he and his wife entered into the Tabernacle fellowship.

Concerning this incident Spurgeon says in his autobiography: "That woman does not doubt the power of prayer. All the infidels in the world could not shake her belief that there is a God that heareth and answereth the supplications of his people. And I should be the most irrational creature in the world if, with a life every day of which is full of experiences so remarkable, I entertained the slightest doubt on the subject. * * * You may call it a coincidence, if you like; but I call it an answer to prayer; and as long as I get such coincidences I shall be perfectly satisfied to go on praying. 'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.'"

It is not necessary to multiply instances. There are thousands of them, showing that the prayer of faith does prevail in the bringing of individuals into saving relations with Christ.

To any one troubled today over the welfare of any loved ones our word is: Not only speak Christianity, not only live Christianity, but above all, pray Christianity. We cannot believe that any child whose welfare has been the constant burden of a Christian mother's heart before the throne of grace will ever perish. We cannot believe that any husband whose name has been day by day breathed in earnest prayer will ever be externally separated from that loving heart. As it was when Monica prayed for Augustine, so may it be today; the answer may be delayed, but it is certain to come if the prayer from human heart and lips goes up to the throne of infinite mercy.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day."

The Pacific remarked a few weeks ago that it seemed good to see Governor Gage in with the bishops at the opening of the Epworth League Convention, and that it would in all probability be a good thing for the State if he could tabernacle in so excellent company. Governor Gage was up on the mountain top of high thought that day, and said some good things in way of welcome to the assembled Leaguers. But, alas! how much easier it is to preach than to practice, to counsel other people to right action and noble endeavor, than to tent oneself on the field of such action, ready alway to battle for that which is in the best interests of humanity. Governor Gage had not been long separated from that exalted position taken by him when he addressed the Epworth League before he lowered his standard considerably. When, a few days ago, he removed from the office of Superintendent of the Home for Feeble-minded Children a man who for fifteen years has filled that position in a highly satisfactory manner, to make room for a protege of his and a chronic office-seeker, he failed by a long distance to measure up to the impression made by his words that day when he sat with the venerable bishops, and he fell far short also of what the people of California have reason to expect in this day from the man who occupies the gubernatorial chair. On all sides the members of his own party are condemning him for the removal of Dr. Osborne and the appointing of Dr. Lawlor. Leading party papers declare it to be a crime against the most helpless and innocent of mankind. Unless the Governor can give for his action some reason not now known to the public, he will find himself shorn of the respect of a very large number of the people whom he was elected to serve.

Notes.

Rev. Edward Curran of Condon, Oregon, sent The Pacific two new subscribers last month. He says: "I find that a word for the paper from the pulpit is good, but personal effort is far better."

The Rev. Dr. A. W. Ackerman preached on the 18th of August in his former parish at Sheffield, Ill. Services were dismissed at the other churches and large congregations were gathered in the Congregational church that day.

It is not often that we call attention to the good contributed articles of The Pacific. They are so numerous that it would require constant calling. But we break the rule this week, and say to all, 'Do not fail to read "Vacation After-thoughts,' by W. N. Burr." The articles written by Mr. Burr during the last few weeks on vacation experiences made us doubly glad that he was having a vacation, and after reading the contribution this week we were glad that the vacation had ended and that our readers could have "Vacation After-thoughts."

In a letter to the editor the Rev. Dr. Temple of Plymouth church, Seattle, says concerning The Pacific: "I wish my people would take it more numerously." Dr. Temple has been promising for some time to give our readers some more "Blue Monday Papers." We have one in hand now on "The Latitude of a Sermon," which will appear next week. The pastor of Plymouth church is a very busy man, but he recognizes the value of our Pacific Coast paper, and says that in some way he is going to manage to do more for it than he has been doing lately. We never have any complaint to make of our busy pastors, but it is a great encouragement to receive now and then such words as these.

Last week we stated that we should like to see a test case as to whether a church building used by the church itself for a lecture of a religious nature, to which an admittance fee was charged, would be exempt from taxation under the California amendment. Next week we shall have something further in regard to that matter, after we have had time to examine decisions in other States under statutes similarly worded. We have no reason to change from the position taken last week. Able lawyers say that there is no question as to any position taken in our editorial except as to the use of the church building for concerts, lectures, etc,. to which an admission is charged. The Pacific argued in favor of exemption in such cases, but admitted that there was question as to such use being legitimate.

We find it necessary to remind the friends of The Pacific frequently that it is very difficult to get in money to meet the current expenses. When we send out the reminders that subscription is due, it is an indication that the most welcome letters received at the office will be those containing postal notes or bank drafts. Some of our subscribers watch the labels on their papers and remit when the subscription becomes due, not waiting for any statement. This suits us best. But others do not seem to be able to thus keep track of things, so once in two months we go over the list and send out statements to all whose subscription is due two months. Last week these statements were sent to all whose subscriptions were not paid beyond July 1, 1901. All who do not respond before November 1st will receive a second statement. The friends of The Pacific should not put off subscription dues to the last, and pay them only when all things else are paid. There is scarcely a business on the Pacific Coast that is carried on under difficulties so great as those under which this paper is conducted. The editor of the Congregationalist said last year that he did not see how such a paper as The Pacific could be maintained without a capital of $50,000. How its one editor and manager succeeded in conducting it as it is conducted, he said was a mystery to him.

The Religious World.

Among the persons under consideration for the presidency of Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois, is President Stubbs of the University of Nevada, Dr. Bashford, president of Ohio Wesleyan University having declined the call extended to him.

Rev. William Rader has given to the public a catechism for children and young people, which he has prepared for the instruction of his own young people in the Third Congregational church. It treats of God, the Bible, Jesus Christ, the Christian life, the Church and duty. Copies may be had at the Tract Society Book Store on Grant avenue.

The Salvation Army has in the United States 200 social institutes which shelter nightly 8,000 poor people, at an annual cost of $300,000. Its 44 industrial homes give constant employment to 600 persons. The total expense of maintaining all the departments of Salvation Army work was $1,250,000 the past year. The Army now numbers, in this country, 3,000 officers and 20,000 uniformed soldiers.

The New York Sun says that the Mormon proselytes working around New York do not attract much attention, nor accomplish much. The headquarters of their mission work for all the Eastern States is in a small Brooklyn flat, and it has proved quite large enough for the purpose. There was a time, it is said, when a Mormon missionary could attract a curious crowd whenever he chose to appear in public. Now, in their out-door meetings they rank with the patent medicine fakirs

"That gamble must stop, if I die," said Ming, a Christian Chinaman in Salt Lake City. Ming, single-handed, started to prosecute the keepers of the Chinese gambling houses. Persecution came upon him, and when his life was threatened Christian friends advised him to desist. It was then that Ming said: "That gamble must stop, if I die." It stopped, but Ming didn't die. Who will say that the Oriental has not some valuable contribution to make to Occidental mind and life, to lead all on to better things?

Professor R. M. Alden, who comes from the University of Pennsylvania to take the chair of English Literature and Rhetoric at Stanford, is a son of Dr. Alden, a noted Presbyterian minister, and of the widely known writer, Pansy. The New York Evangelist speaks of valuable contributions from Professor Alden for its Sunday-school pages, and says: "Our Pacific Coast needs just such young Presbyterians as he, and we congratulate our brethren of the Sunset State that he is to join their company."

The American edition of the revised Bible was placed on sale in Chicago the 28th of last month. Sales were large at once. One of the striking features of the edition is the use of the word "Jehovah" almost uniformly in place of "God" and "Lord." The text is paragraphed, and the paragraphs are considerably shorter than in the English edition. It is said that the American edition is more faithful to the original text and that the substitution

of more modern terms for some of the obsolete idioms of King James' day has made it more intelligible to the ordinary reader.

There are 33 Presbyterian churches in the United States which have a membership of more than one thousand each. Bethany, in Philadelphia, stands first, with 2,831; Fifth Avenue, New York, has 2,682; Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, 2,341; Central of Rochester, New York, 2,204; Brick, of Rochester, 2,165. Next comes Westminster of Minneapolis with 1,695, and Immanuel of Los Angeles with 1,607. New York has eight churches having more than a thousand members each, and Philadelphia seven. In Sabbath-school membership Bethany of Philadelphia ranks first, with 5,068; Throop Avenue, Brooklyn, has 2,570, Third of Chicago 2,538 and Westminster, Minneapolis, 2,500. The Bethany church of Philadelphia, which has the largest membership and the most Sabbath-school attendants, has four pastors—the Rev. Drs. Dickey, Patterson, Van Deurs and Thompson.

The San Francisco Chronicle of last Sunday contained an article setting forth the practical work done by the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations of the State University, in giving heed to the temporal interests of the young people in attendance at the University. Positions were obtained last year for 125 young men and 17 young women. All in all the services rendered brought $4,172.45, or the equivalent of that sum. Referring to the spiritual work on the part of the Associations it is said: "Every Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock there are devotional meetings; there is a missionary department, and the study of the Bible is taken up exactly as any course in college. It is outlined by the University professors and arranged so that the busy students can get the most out of the time they can devote to the study." The Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. is Mr. F. F. Goodsell, the son of the Rev. D. Goodsell, pastor of the Congregational church at Black Diamond. Mr. Goodsell is a member of the senior class in the University.

There are about a hundred Japanese in the United States, about forty thousand of whom are on the Pacific Coast. California has 15,000 and Washington and Oregon 10,000. They are generally young men with an ambition for the best things. Not a few of them are Christians. In the last number of the Missionary Review, the Rev. Dr. Harris of the Japanese Methodist Mission in this city, tells of the first convert and missionary among them. In 1877 he landed in San Francisco with a letter of introduction to the pastor of Howard Street church. On the first Sunday morning after his arrival he proceeded to the church, which he reached after the service had begun. "But nothing daunted, he marched down the aisle, up the steps of the pulpit, bowed low and presented his letter." He was motioned to a seat in the "amen corner," and a few days later was placed in the Chinese mission to learn English. His conversion followed in due time and he entered upon evangelistic work among his people in this city. The first Japanese church on this continent was built in San Francisco in 1894, and the Japanese alone contributed toward it $3,000. Dr. Harris states that the Japanese connected with Methodist missions on this Coast have given five thousand dollars during the last seven years for benevolences, and fifty-two thousand dollars for the support of their own work. Since 1877 more than 1,800 have been baptized, and during the last seven years more than 1,500. Of those converted here 30 are now influential workers in their own land as pastors, teachers and evangelists. The Presbyterians also have prosperous missions in San Francisco and Salinas, the Episcopal church in San Francisco, and the Baptists in Seattle and Tacoma.

The Bystander.

The Catholic Bible.

The Bystander has had his attention called to the Catholic belief, about which most Protestants are strangely ignorant. The Bystander speaks from experience. The Catholic Bible is based upon what is known as the Douay version, having for its origin the translation of Jerome from Hebrew into Latin, and is certainly an interesting Bible for the Protestant student. It contains, for example, certain apocryphal books which, by the kind permission of the older Bible societies, once appeared in our authorized version, but which, by the authority of these same societies, have disappeared from modern editions of the Bible.

The Catholics lay great stress upon the opinion of the majority, believing that the church knows more about interpretation than the individuals. This is the principle that majorities are right, or supposed to be, an argument that will hardly stand against the facts of history. According to the tradition, seventy-two Alexandrian scholars turned the Hebrew of the old Bible into Greek. With the aid of Jewish scholars, who were in no way responsible for results, Jerome turned the Hebrew into Latin. The translation of Jerome was accepted, the seventy rejected. It is doubtful if you could find the Greek Old Testament in any Catholic repository.

There are many things in the history of Catholicism which Protestants ought to know for their own good. There are some things to shun, others to copy. It would be well for both sects to cordially investigate the facts of the other, rather than to emphasize differences in the heated controversies of platform and press.

The Jews.

The Bystander is reminded of the multiplicity of beliefs which obtain among sincere men. At the opposite extreme of the Catholic belief is the Jewish belief. The Jew, too, has his traditions, his theology, his church; but how widely different from the modern Roman Catholic! He is just as sincere. The great Jewish encyclopedia now being published is an illustration of the wide path these people have made in the religious history of the world. Perhaps the most distinct point of difference is found in the Jewish and Catholic view of Christ. The Catholics are more orthodox, as a church, in their view of the Person of Christ than the Protestants. From the days of the earliest councils there has been no perceptible fluctuation in the Catholic faith in Christ. The Jews, on the contrary, will not, for the most part, mention his name in their Jewish Sabbath-schools. Here the two great branches of the church (including Protestants) separate.

The Jew has the advantage of being, in point of time, first. From him came the oracles of Jehovah, the belief in the one God, the first church, first altar, first congregation.

The Talmud.

When the Bystander began these reflections he did not expect to discuss the Talmud, selections from which he has been trying to read in the original, with the help of translations by Rev. Isadore Myers, who has picked some sound fruit from the traditions of the Jewish fathers. There is, however, so much of the New Testament in these "pickings," so much that is "Christian," that a few examples will not be out of place.

Prof. Drummond wrote beautifully about "The Great-

est Thing in the World," derived from Paul's wonderful Corinthian chapter on charity, but here it is:

"An act of charity's of greater worth,
Than all the sacrificial rites on earth."

Here it is again:

"All virtues doth beneficence transcend,
With it the Torah doth begin and end."

It would be difficult to find a more practical platitude for every-day use than this:

"Judge not your fellow-man's condition
Until you be in *his* position."

You will find this in the Sermon on the Mount.

Here is the Golden Rule, which does not appear original with the New Testament, but which broke through the ages from the days of old, as a sunbeam struggles through the clouds—

"Whatever hateful is to you,
Unto your neighbor never do."

As a companion to this is—

"Judge charitably every man,
And justify him all you can."

The Bystander was surprised to find so much of beautiful mercy and love in the literature of an age supposed to be stern with divine sovereignty and revenge.

Vacation Afterthoughts.

W. N. Burr.

"The holiness people are the biggest liars on the face of the earth."

This startling announcement greeted my ears one evening during the recent vacation in Los Angeles as I was passing a street-corner crowd gathered about a little man and a big chart. My curiosity was excited, and I joined the crowd for a minute or two. The little man talked on.

"If the President of the United States should call tomorrow morning for one hundred thousand men he'd git 'em before night; but here the Lord Jesus has been calling for men for centuries, and there's precious few people that pay any attention at all to his call. There's a lot of church members in the world, but they're hypocrites. They sing—

"Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold."

That's what they sing on Sunday, and then they go out on Monday and work all the week for silver and gold with all the muscle they've got, and they'd put two muscles into it, if they had two. And the holiness people are just as bad as the rest of 'em. I say it again; the holiness people are the biggest liars on the face of the earth!"

I did not linger to hear the little man explain his big chart, and so missed, perhaps, the opportunity of a lifetime of obtaining accurate information concerning the relation of "the holiness people and the rest of 'em" to the present-day schemes of his Satanic majesty.

At another corner a group of men wearing neat black frock coats had gathered another little crowd. These men, I think, were representatives of the "Latter-Day Saints of Jesus Christ." "We feel in our bosoms the message we bring," one of them was shouting as I passed.

A block or more away a Salvation Army Band was playing, "At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw the light"; and I had not walked far when I came to another group of men and women—possibly some of the despised "holiness people"—singing with unmistakable fervor and apparently iron-clad throats, "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there."

Passing Peniel Hall a little later I found a number of the mission workers at the door holding a little sidewalk meeting, and inviting passers-by to come in to "the meeting about to be held inside."

As I walked on the thought came: "Some of all this that I have seen and heard tonight is worthless, of course; but some of it, though not presented exactly to my taste, God is working into the fabric of the growing kingdom." And reverence for some very crude effort was begotten of that thought.

On the Sunday that the convention of the Bible Institute was held at the First church the choir were in their places at the morning service, but only the hymns were sung. In the evening there was no choir. We suspected the men of the Bible Institute preferred not to have special music by a quartet choir at their sessions. The next Sunday morning we were back on our own ground, as to the order of service, and just before the sermon the soprano sang a solo. It was a pure, sweet, cultured voice that sang the Master's words, "Peace I leave with you"; and when we went from the church that morning some of us felt that we had had two sermons. The pastor and the soloist each had given us an uplift. Not all culture is heartless. Sometimes it is artless and consecrated, and then God makes use of it to carry forward his messages.

Two evenings later I was with four choice people who are not quite satisfied with that which is the good, nor even with the better, but who crave the best. God gave them a great love for music, and he has also favored them, comparatively, with some considerable opportunity for musical culture. They talk familiarly of Patti, Campanini, Melba, Emma Eames, Calve, and others of the "bright, particular stars" whom they have heard. Then, because that which is far above earth's loftiest music—the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ—is supreme in their lives, they talk of their plans of direct service for the Master. They are Christians who, for themselves, love high culture; they also love their neighbor as themselves.

One day I heard a Bible student earnestly exalting the Word, and in his enthusiasm denouncing almost every thing else under the sun bound in book-form. The next Sunday the minister to whom I listened illustrated a point he was making by referring to a novel he had just been reading.

And so, it is a great, big mixture, isn't it—this human conception of right and wrong, of things lawful and things expedient? And how the temperament with which one was born does influence his point of view!

One other day I was given a glimpse of the great solvent. A dear old man thought it best, for certain reasons, to tell me the story of another man who had proved himself a rascal. He began in this way: "The fellow does not drink, he does not smoke and he does not swear, but—" and a story of fiendish rascality, tenderly told, followed. The kindly old gentleman said all the good things he could think of about the wretch before he told of his misdemeanors; and he would not have revealed that dark history had it not been thought best for me to know it.

There are a great many people in this world who are bewildered by the differences among men of convictions. How may we help them to find the point of unity at the core of our variances, when it exists? and more often

than they think it does exist. Suppose we all train ourselves to search out the good in the other man, and make that first in our talk and in our thought about him. God is using all kinds of people in the world's work, and he does not expect them all to work with the same kind of tools. Your pet reform is no doubt just as important in his sight as mine, and mine is just as dear to him as yours. We must work, each in his own way, on his own ground, with his own tools. At the same time we may show to the lookers-on that there is unity at the core. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Corona, Calif.

The Facts about the "Islander."

By A. B. Snider.

No doubt the terrible incident of the sinking of the British ship, "Islander," off the shore of Douglas island, is known all over the world before this. The writer would like to place before the readers of The Pacific the true cause of that catastrophe. There has been an attempt to confuse and becloud the real cause. But there are dozens of true men and women who, snatched from a watery grave, have declared and are willing to testify on oath to the facts as given below.

It was not my misfortune to be on the boat at the time, but I was at the scene of the accident shortly after and saw the wreckage, desolation, ruin and death which followed; saw some of the dead bodies, with staring eyes, open mouth, and frightened countenances and clutched hands, as though they were in some awful agony of fright. I also saw some of those who escaped, who looked almost as frightened as the dead.

We hear of these catastrophes in the distance and they make very little impression upon us. But when the lifeless babe and the mother's body are washed upon our doorstep, we feel differently about it.

It was a happy company on that palace of the waters; she was a beautiful ship, none were considered more safe and pleasant to travel upon. There was the Klondiker, who had left his home and gone into the desolate interior, and spent months and years in search of the hid treasure, and had at length found it and was now returning with his pouch filled with the glittering dust; returning home to loved ones, would soon see wife and babes. There were whole families—men, women, wives and daughters, who had faced the inconvenience of the north country for a season or two and were now returning, happy at the thought of being home once again. None but those who have been locked up in a far country can judge the feeling of those passengers. It was like the "fairy ship laden with happy souls."

But, alas! in the dead of night came that awful shock, the startled awakening, the hasty dressing, the confusion and excitement. No order or discipline, no system or united effort to save! No master to give intelligent orders to the ship's crew! Passengers coming up from below were met by an officer who said, "What are you coming up here for, are you crazy? Go back to bed; there is no danger."

One boat load of human beings was carelessly dumped out into the waters, whose cries for help went unheeded and were silenced only by the cold chill of the ice water. Why this awful accident and heartless waste of life? It is another incident of the work of the demon of strong drink. Another long list of victims to be checked off to the account of the accursed liquor traffic.

The day before, the captain and pilot had both been drinking heavily. When the boat left Skaguay, 6 o'clock in the evening, the pilot was absolutely drunk and the captain was in little better condition. When the pilot went on duty, stepped on the watch bridge as master of the boat, he had to steady himself by holding onto the railing with his hands. There, with his brain whirling from the effects of fiery rum, he drove that great ship with tremendous speed, cutting the blackness of the night and the treacherous waters, which were dotted with icebergs and surrounded with dangerous shores of hidden rocks and ragged reefs, till she crashed into a great iceberg and crushed her ribs and began to sink. The surprise really is that he did not strike something sooner.

But the demon in alcohol was not satisfied with having the good ship as his prey; he must have human victims.

When the ship struck and began to sink the pilot had enough sense left to know the danger. He ordered the ship to be turned towards the shore and the life boats to be lowered. If these orders had been carried out it is reasonable to believe that every soul would have been saved. But the blackest work of it all was yet to be enacted. The captain, when the collision occurred, at two o'clock in the morning, in the place of being in bed, was down in the saloon, with eight or ten of his kind, having a midnight revelry, where the red, rich wine flowed freely.

When the shock came he rushed on deck, reeling with the effects of liquor, and demanded, "What's the trouble?" The pilot responded, "The ship has struck an iceberg and is taking water; I ordered her run into shore and the lifeboats lowered." The captain answered back, "You are excited—I'll take care of the ship." He then ordered her to be turned back into the channel and the lifeboats to be held till he gave orders for them to be lowered.

There is no sadder scene in history than the one before us. In the darkness of the night, 200 helpless beings on a sinking ship, at the command and mercy of a drunken captain. Well that it was in the night—it is too dark a picture to be viewed by the face of the sun. It is hard thus to speak of a dead captain or a living pilot. But it is harder to view Mr. Ross standing on the vessel, his wife and child being swept from his side and swallowed up by the awful cataclysm, their screams for help piercing his heart. The next day, standing trembling like an aspen leaf, with tears flowing in streams down his face he said: "This is awful. I could stand it if it was an unavoidable accident, but when I think it was carelessness and whisky that took my dear wife and child away, it breaks my heart."

For the sake of future travelers, for the sake of humanity, it is well to lift the mantle of darkness from that ship and let the world view things as they actually occurred.

The captain's conduct only delayed and increased the confusion in the effort to rescue lives. But delay, sometimes, as in this case, is fatal. Soon many saw that he was neither master of himself nor of the ship. The outcome of that wreck the world already knows: more than forty lives lost. Thus by a drunken pilot the ship was wrecked, and through the conduct of a drunken captain the lives were lost.

How long shall men be left under the curse of strong drink? How long, O Lord, how long will society lie passively under the blighting, damning effects of the liquor traffic?

Douglas, Alaska, August 20th.

The new German Congregational church of Ritzville, Wash., was dedicated last Sunday.

What of Evolution, Now?

By J. Rowell.

The Pacific has lately given us an exceedingly interesting excerpt from the writings of Prof. Joseph Le Conte on "Relation of Evolution to the Idea of the Christ." No one who knew this man could ever doubt his entire sincerity, or wish to utter a word of reproach against a man of so sweet a temper, and who has left to us a memory so precious and sacred; yet if I wished to find a complete refutation to the theory of Evolution I would end my search with this same extract. The most fatal reply to any argument or theory is the *reductio ad absurdum*—the showing that, legitimately followed, it leads to manifest absurdity.

Prof. Le Conte finds himself face to face with the necessity of setting a definite limit to the operation of the law of Evolution. He says: "As organic evolution finds its goal and completion in man"; "As man is the ideal—the goal and completion of animal evolution." What right has he or any other believer in the law of Evolution to say this? It would be just as legitimate for the monkey to say, "As organic evolution reached its goal and completion in the monkey" as for man to say this of himself. In reply to that objection the Professor says, "When this (ideal) is reached and completely realized in our personal character, it will be time enough to propose another." But this is no answer at all. The fact that we cannot conceive of an organism superior to our own is no proof that such is not possible. Accepting the theory of Evolution, there is no reason to doubt that other animal organisms will yet appear as much superior to man as he excels the tadpole.

The stone wall against which the Professor finds his automobile running is this: He makes man the goal and summit of organic evolution, and the Christ the goal and summit of evolution. But the question will rise, "What greater thing lies beyond?" Evolution means continual progress. But it will not do to allow a superior to the Christ. Therefore, here lies buried Evolution. When Stevenson was asked regarding his locomotive, "What if a cow should get on the track?" his reply was, "It would be bad for the cow," and here Evolution seems to be the cow on the track.

As to the theory of Evolution, I see no objection to the idea that God's work in creation was, and still is, a progressive work. But when we are asked to believe that the human soul, and the life of Christ in the redeemed man, are the product of evolution from inorganic matter, and then from a low grade of animal life, we prefer to fall back on the words, "God created man in his own image." And though our scientific theologians tell us that Genesis is only a cheap boarding-house hash—a conglomeration of myths—we still prefer Moses to Darwin. It is hard to lose faith in an old friend.

To me it is inexpressibly shocking to be told that the Christ (Prof. Le Count does not say Christ, but over and over again "the Christ"—the whole being, the God-man) was the product of evolution. I trust that he did not really mean to say this, but his words certainly bear this meaning. But if evolution applies to the human soul and to him who made atonement for man's sin, upon the cross, there is no reason why it should not apply to GOD himself.

As to Darwinism, I do not see how any one who has read A. Wilford Hall's "Problem of Human Life," can retain much faith in it. Daniel Webster, when asked if he could answer Hayne, replied: "Answer him? I will cut him into shoe strings." (Webster was a farmer's boy and made shoe-strings by cutting thin leather into narrow strips.) And this is the way that Hall has used Darwin. He turns nearly all his alleged facts against him, and makes them disprove what they were cited to prove. Darwinism is a very broad structure built on a very narrow base.

It is a great comfort to know that when Ptolemy, Darwin, Haeckel, Ingersoll and our Bible anatomists shall be forgotten, "the word of God liveth and abideth forever."

Prof. Le Conte says, "At the end, the whole human race drawn upward by this ideal must reach the fullness of the stature of the Christ." And Jesus Christ says, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment."

A Refreshing Article.

Editor of the Pacific: The article in a recent issue of The Pacific, on "Modern Miracles," was certainly refreshing. In these days of materialistic and naturalistic tendencies, if one speaks of God being in the ordinary occurrences of every-day life, his religious ideas are very apt to be termed too sentimental. But facts cannot be doubted, and the inspired word must be believed, to be beneficial to the Christian soul. Our mothers feared not, in the smallest things, to attribute them to the Lord. Does he do less for us now? Nay, "according to your faith shall it be done unto you."

Whenever, on our part, the need exists, and the conditions are fulfilled by us, in body and soul, God will, as surely act as he did in the case of Abraham or Moses, Elijah or Gideon. It may be through things natural, and subject to a natural interpretation, such as Darwin or Spencer or their followers would give, yet, to the fervent soul it is through that power which "transcends nature," and that power is God.

We are sure more articles on such themes so vital to our growth in Christian life would be welcomed by all who read The Pacific, for, after all, experience of these realities is life.

We know of a family in this State who, for many years, have watched the interposition of God, on their behalf, and each succeeding year the fact of "Modern Miracles" is more fully affirmed to them. About a year ago their circumstances were such that they must leave their temporary home. Without home or friends, to whom or whither should they go? What could be done without God's interposition? They prayed for it, expected it; and soon, through their new-born babe, a home was partially provided. Certainly, not a palace; yet a cabin to shelter from the biting cold and fierce rays of the sun. However—

> "A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
> He's building a mansion for me over there,
> Though exiled from home, yet still I can sing,
> All glory to God, I'm the child of a King."

Again, to the same family came the necessity of another payment for the home. Things appeared darker than at first. Is it right to expect it? Is it his will? The outcome will prove. On the very day before the money was due it came—$100 in all. Yes, "It is God. His love looks mighty; but it is mightier than it seems."

There is inspiration in this daily watching for and expecting divine interposition, which only they who exercise it can experience. At times almost in need, yet "never forsaken" because "they put their trust in him." For God causes, one here, one there, to come to their deliverance. It may be from Oakland, San Francisco, or Fresno, Colorado, from far-away Africa. Yes; miracles are as surely being performed today as when "the meal and oil failed not," and the few loaves and fishes fed the multitudes." "He is the same yesterday, today and for-

ever." The writer has observed that God cares for our private as well as our public life; that when misunderstanding comes, God knoweth the secrets of men's hearts; there must be absolute need on the petitioner's part; that it appears to be God's way to supply only present needs—

"Day by day the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs."

Therefore, if in need, ask, expecting to receive. God will give as we need, for his glory and our good.

Adin, Cal.

Harry Perks.

Thy Trust.

Rev John E. Tuttle, D.D.

The Bible is the book of personal pronouns. "I am the Lord thy God." In it God speaks straight to his child. The message of the Bible concerning life is, therefore, a message from God to me concerning my life.

God's Definition of Life.

In Paul's stirring appeal to Timothy we read God's definition of life. "Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust." Life is a trust. "Trust" here means a possession entrusted, a deposit, as money deposited in a bank or the person and property of a ward is a trust. Adding the translation of the revision, with the margin, we have the full meaning. "O, Timothy, guard the deposit which is committed unto thee." The trust is to be guarded as the bank guards its deposits, the guardian the interests of his ward, or the soldier his post. Life, then, is not a gift from God to us. Life is a deposit which God makes with us, to be kept from all harm, to be enlarged in service, and returned to him richer than when he left it with us. In the parable of talents, Jesus tells us this: The coin is a deposit, not a gift, to be returned with its earnings to the Master on his return. God is the supreme owner. All titles are vested in him. "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." This means that you are God's deposit with yourself. Your body is to be a temple for his indwelling. Your mind is to think God's thoughts after him. Your heart is to be a shrine for his worship. This means that every man is God's deposit with you. "Go ye into all the world" is a command eternal in time and omnipresent in space. There is no man anywhere who is not a God-given trust to every other man. This means that God is God's deposit with you. God entrusts himself to every man who knows him. Every earthly father's reputation and character are on deposit with his children. As they are, ill mannered or courteous, vulgar or refined, upright or dishonorable, mean or generous, so will men who have not seen him largely estimate their father. His reputation suffers or prospers in their own. As Timothy lived, as Paul lived, so did men around them picture God. As Paton was, so did the cannibals in the New Hebrides think of God. We who bear his name shape men's ideas of God. God's light, God's truth, God's love, God's nature, God's voice, go through man to man. Myself, my neighbor, my God—this is the divine deposit with me. The business of my life is to guard the deposit, which means the safe-guarding of the eternal interests of myself, my neighbor, and my God.

This Inspires Life.

Some say of this view of life as a trust that it makes life too serious: it robs it of gladness. Jesus tells us of a young man who thought so. He refused to be ruled by obligation and duty. But when he had done as he pleased, the prodigal son learned in tears that to define liberty as license is to make one's self a slave. It was only when he came back to his father and resumed, in a new spirit, the life of the home, putting himself under its law and its obligations and duties, that gladness was possible for him. Life is glad only when it is well lived. Life is well lived only when it is lived under the inspiration of a great ideal and filled with the consciousness of a great trust committed to it. A big vision makes a big life. Lack of it is the explanation of a large part of our moral negligences and disasters. A little, barefoot, ragged Irish boy in Eastern Maine, one cold morning as the frost pinched his toes and the wind cut to his flesh, determined he would some day own a farm and be a selectman like his master. The vision never left him. From that moment, his title deed to a farm and his election as selectman were assured. He has the farm and the office; but, he said, "If I had had a bigger ambition I would have been a bigger man." James Hannington met, without thought of retreat, in the splendor of unshaken consecration and courage, the searching tests of his last experiences in Africa, because he was not simply living by the day, but by eternity, with the constant thought that every day was a deposit with him from God. He was able to die for Africa because he kept thinking of himself as Christ's messenger of salvation to Africa. The other day a great bank failed because the officers good naturedly allowed certain depositors to overdraw their accounts. They were thinking of pleasing this and that depositor. Had they done business with the great vision of their duty, as a trust company, to all the depositors and to the public ever before them, the doors would not have been closed and loss would not have followed. When we forget that life is a trust, that we hold on deposit with us ourselves, our neighbor, our God, we live under the dominion of details and fall into sin or discouragement. We live out of proportion and fail, precisely as a mason, laying one brick upon another with painstaking exactness, but forgetting to lay them by the plumb lines of the wall, will build only to have his work tumble down. The secret of great living is to do little things under the guidance of a great principle; to bring to bear on every duty and experience, on the playtime as well as on the crisis, the spirit in which, with conscious endeavor to be our best, we try to meet the supreme things. Keeping the divine idea of life before us, we are aroused to be and do our best. In its light, the earthly is seen to be simply the under side of the heavenly. We meet all duties and experiences in its inspiration and strength. The soldier spirit of the Captain of our salvation becomes ours. We translate it for men in the Christlike doing of daily things. We are true to ourselves, to men, to God.

Fidelity and Truth.

John tells that, in his vision on Patmos, he saw heaven opened and beheld a white horse. And he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True. The chivalry of olden time adopted these words. In them was its root idea and the explanation of its noblest deeds. Whatever else might distinguish him, the true knight must be known for Fidelity and Truth. Upon his shield he inscribed these words and went forth to battle with them throbbing in his heart. For the young knight of Christ in these modern days there can be no other watchwords. In them is hid the secret of victory on present-day battle fields. Mackay of Uganda and Pitkin of China died on their red-cross shields because the spirit of these words laid hold of their inmost lives. What the world needs and what God asks is that, day by day, in the spirit of Fidelity and Truth which made these young men martyrs, the young soldiers of Christ guard that which he has left with them on deposit.

Denver, Colorado.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

From Mud to Marble—The Climax. (Gen. xxxii: 22-32.)

Lesson XI. September 15, 1901.

Twenty years have elapsed since Jacob's memorable experience at Bethel. At their close we find him settled in Padan Aram, his ancestral home, a man of family, rich in flocks and herds, and whatever else went to make up the wealth of an Oriental magnate. He has distinctly got the better of his father-in-law Laban, in the matter of property; so much so that his brothers are envious of his success, and ready to charge all manner of foul dealing upon him. Jacob repudiates the charge; and justly, so far as overt acts were concerned. Yet it is undeniably true that the entire course of his dealings with Laban had been marked by a conflict of wits. Between them there was precisely the same kind of competitive struggle which prevails in the business world of today. And in this Jacob, as the shrewder manipulator, had won out.

From a religious point of view, however, all this is distinctly disappointing. The experience of Jacob at Bethel was essentially that of spiritual conversion. He was the subject of the new birth. His relations to God were radically changed. And we naturally look for a correspondingly different line of conduct. In this we are disappointed. There was, indeed, a manifest recognition of God in his speech. But in his conduct he was still Jacob, the supplanter. His habit of "fixing things" clung to him in apparently unabated strength. He would not, perhaps, resort to out and out lying, or to such dastardly deception as he had practised upon his blind father; but he was up to all the "tricks of the trade," short of criminal dishonesty. Indeed, so far as appears, he either never appreciated the solemn pledge he made at Bethel, or else had quite forgotten the practical duties to which it committed him.

But before criticizing Jacob too severely, it might be well for most of us to turn our gaze inward, and to ask how much God's discipline has actually effected in eradicating from our hearts their evil tendencies and building up a strong and symmetrical Christian character. Have we not often occasion to mark a similar divorce of piety from morality, of religion from conduct, of grace from business? Even after twenty years of experience are there not genuinely Christian men (in the judgment of charity) who show as few marks of practical distinction from their unregenerate associates, as did Jacob from Laban? This scheming habit of mind, moreover, is one of the hardest of all to hold in complete subjection to Christ.

Jacob had never been thoroughly domesticated in Padan Aram. Canaan was his true home; and toward it, we may imagine, he often turned longing eyes. Now, at length, he is determined upon return. His own explanation is that the angel of God so directed in a dream (xxxi: 11, 13); but the record also tells us that both Laban and his sons were assuming a more and more hostile attitude (xxxi: 1-3); the two reasons undoubtedly are to be taken together.

It is significant also that even here the habits and the experiences of a lifetime cling to and attend him. It is still the schemer who plans for that departure; and it is the schemer's own favorite wife who involves him in an act of thievery (xxxi: 17-21). Jacob stole a march on Laban, and Rachel stole his teraphim. Evidently, Jacob's piety, while associated with Laban, had not been of the positive, aggressive sort. Loving Rachel as tenderly as he did, he had not religious force enough, in those days, to wean her from her idolatrous practices, or to rid her from those habits of lying, which seem so characteristic of that Padan Aram family. But are not many of our own professedly Christian homes in similarly evil case? Why else is it that parents, genuinely Christian at heart, seem so often powerless to save their children from the evils of worldliness and sin? (cf. Matt. xiii: 22).

* * *

What has now been said is important, as indicating the spirit in which the return to Canaan was entered upon. It was a religious enterprise, undertaken in a worldly spirit. Jacob calculated the chances and provided for contingencies quite in his usual manner. Having outwitted Laban, and got well rid of him, there remained he seemed to think, only Esau to reckon with. This was, it is true, in his view, a more serious matter, but one with which he felt himself quite competent to deal. He trusted, apparently, much to his knowledge of his brother's free, generous, though impulsive, nature; to the length of time which had elapsed since their separation; and to Esau's general wealth and prosperity.

The chances, doubtless, seemed against any personal violence. So he laid his plans. He was encouraged, also, by an experience he had shortly after leaving Laban;—a vision or a dream of angelic bands (xxxii: 1, 2) recalling the scene at Bethel and seeming to foreshadow heavenly protection in his present enterprise. So he proceeds to put his plan into execution. It would be useless, he knew, to attempt to slip by Esau, as he had evaded Laban; and so, putting a bold face on the situation, he sends forward messengers to announce his coming, and to crave a peaceful journey through his domain. So far as conciliating his brother was concerned, however, this device did not succeed. The messengers had to report that Esau was close behind them, apparently bent on trouble, with the effect that Jacob's camp was thrown into an agony of fear and distress.

But it was not like this resourceful man to remain long inactive. Quickly rallying from his momentary terror, therefore, he courageously faces the new situation. A conflict of arms with his warlike brother is not to be thought of. He must try further measures of conciliation. As preliminary to this, he divides his people and property into two companies, the better to save some, if not all. He arranges his family, also, in such order as to give those most precious the advantage in regard to escape. Then he sends forward a choice selection of valuable animals, as a propitiatory gift, so arranged that the impression of his generosity shall be cumulative. "For, he said, I will appease him with the present that goeth before me, and afterwards I will see his face, peradventure he will accept me" (v. 20).

It was a course of great worldly shrewdness. And it was commendable also in that it did not omit prayer among his defences (vs. 9-12). That, however, was secondary to his shrewd management, which was his main dependence. He was the schemer still. His problem lay practically within the sphere of worldly stategy.

Herein he was at fault. Approaching it in this worldly spirit, he did not appreciate the situation. He missed the real point of difficulty. It was not Esau as an individual, whose opposition he had to fear, but Esau as an agent of God's providence. Esau was a difficulty easily brushed aside, when matters between himself and God were adjusted, as events afterwards proved. What he did not understand was that his own heart was not right; he had never yet truly repented of the sin which had driven him from his father's house; he had never appreciated

that Canaan was to be God's gift to a spiritual people; that his whole right and title to it was as a spiritual people; that his whole right and title to it was as a spiritual man; and hence, that his preparation for entering it lay, not so much in conciliating Esau, as in a right attitude toward the God of his fathers.

In this view of the case Jacob's experience is very suggestive. So we are apt to start in upon something which, in itself, is right, but in a way which is neither Christian nor wise; which reverses the proper order, and puts real success out of the question. It may be an individual concern; it may be a form of church work; it may be this, that, or the other thing; the procedure is equally inappropriate and self-destructive. We calculate our advantages and how to make the most of them; we note the disabilities and how to circumvent them. And all the time we are practically oblivious of God's interest in the matter and of his favor as the decisive factor in our problem. We think more and plan more carefully for human co-operation, financial aid, or such like resources, than we do of making sure of our relations to God. We pray, perhaps, as Jacob did, but like him, too, our actions are along the line of a worldly policy. And we justify ourselves, as he may have done, on the ground of hard common sense, of the need of facing the situation, man fashion, and of doing as others about us are doing. That, as I understand it, was the situation at the brook Jabbok; and this is the clue to the mysterious struggle which ensued.

* * *

Possessions and family, all had been safely conveyed across the stream; with needful directions for their conduct. Jacob alone was left in the deserted camp; his dispositions were all made; and he, too, was about to cross over. Dense darkness enwrapped him—a darkness which, we may believe, had its counterpart in the depression which is apt to assail one in such circumstances. Suddenly he finds himself seized by an invisible antagonist, bent, apparently, upon his death. But Jacob, a brave man and an athlete, promptly meets the challenge and flings himself into the contest. So these two wrestle together throughout the night, neither gaining decisive advantage. Was it a real transaction? or was it only a mental conflict, such as might occur in a dream, described under material images?

To myself the former of these explanations seems preferable; consistent with the conditions of age and circumstances, and testified to, by a real and permanent physical effect (vs. 25, 13). But, however this may be, the spiritual equivalent was, for Jacob, and is for us, incomparably the most important. That struggle in the darkness pictured Jacob's situation. So he was engaging with the difficulties which beset his return to Canaan. It was God, the righteous God, who stood across his path to the land of promise. But of this he was profoundly ignorant, until, as the day was breaking, he felt a touch, and simultaneously the great sinew of his thigh gave way, and he could do naught but helplessly cling to his opponent. Then all at once the significance of the whole transaction flashed across his mind. Then, too, worldly self-confidence gave place to pious trust, and hanging upon the neck of his divine antagonist he besought a gracious benediction. His tactics are changed, but to his purpose he still tenaciously clings. "Let me go," says the stranger. "Nay, I will not, except thou bless me," is the reply. More powerful in his helplessness than in his strength, he gains by prayer what he had vainly striven for by force or guile: the way into the land of promise lies open now; the brother whose wrath he has justly feared meets him in a spirit of conciliation; and all those elaborate preparations, which had otherwise proved ineffective, now fall into place, accomplishing their end. "What is thy name?" asks the angel. And then Jacob, "the supplanter," is changed, in the record book of heaven, into "Israel, the Prince of God." For with God he had been contending; from Him he had won his case; therefore, over man, too, he should prevail. How true it all is to life! How certain it is that the most effective warfare against the difficulties of any situation, is not carnal, but spiritual; then when one has seen God in the affair which confronts him, and, in the abandon of a loyal faith, hangs every hope upon him, then the warfare is accomplished, the suit is gained, all needful co-operation is secured and the blessing is made sure!

But the end of that mysterious struggle was not yet. With an inconsistency only too natural, curiosity was invading the sphere of the spirit and drawing Jacob away from the matters of higher interest. "Tell me," he urges, "thy name." Not so: the spiritual light must not be quenched in the garish light of a definition. By an intuition like that of Simon Peter (Matt. xvi: 16), Jacob had seen God, face to face. Flesh and blood had not revealed it, but the Father in heaven. From this height he must not descend to a juggle of words; from realities to shadows. Like some of our own rapt experiences (cf. II Cor. xii: 4), the glory of that vision was incommunicable. Only there came into Jacob's heart a blissful consciousness of God's presence and favor. And as he went forth from that hallowed spot it was with this thought thrilling and subduing him, "I have seen God face to face and still I live!" So has many another Israel come forth from his Peniel, to cross the brook which separates high devotion from the practical engagements of daily life!

* * *

"And the sun rose upon him as he passed over Peniel" —day dawn in his soul, and sunshine over all the land. Not now as Jacob, but as Israel, he takes up the task before him. Unchanged, his order seems in outward show, but over it and pervading it, is now the new light of consecration, that light which makes all our common duties sacraments and every work a plan of God.

So this transformed wrestler now goes forward, finding God before him and all the way made smooth. "And Esau ran to meet him and fell on his neck and kissed him; and they wept"—tears of contrition on the part of Jacob, mingling with Esau's tears of generous kindness and brotherly affection. "So Esau returned that day on his way unto Seir. And Jacob came in peace to Shechem," and established himself in the land of promise as a landholder. Oh, when will men learn the lesson of committing their way into the Lord, and of trusting also to him to bring it to pass. This was the climax of God's dealings with Jacob. He had learned much under this tutelage, albeit there was more yet for him to learn. The mud was hardening, but even yet it has not the form of the perfected marble (cf. chap. xxxiii).

* * *

It was, apparently, because there was so much more for him to learn, that God's providence ordained two lasting memorials of that transforming event. They met Jacob just where we all stand in need of help. They fixed in his heart the solemn impressions of that momentous night, and carried forward its sanctifying impulses into all his future life. The first of these memorials was the name Peniel, by which henceforth the place should be known. It was wise in him not to leave that sacred spot until he had thus made permanent its tender associations, and riveted upon his heart its inspiring truths.

And that is our wisdom, too. We need the aid of external associations, if we are to hold ourselves under the

inspirations of our better moments. It were well, indeed, if some kindred act might fasten in our memories the all too fleeting impressions of some favored hour, and perpetuate its influence over our lives.

The second of these memorials was God's own act in that lameness, which Jacob carried with him to the grave; a token visible to others as well as to himself; instructive to future generations as well as to his own household. In that shrunken sinew and halting thigh God left the impress of his touch, and in Jacob's lameness taught the secret of man's real strength. His was a marred and broken life, as compared with his father's. The sins of his youth bore their biter fruit in weakness all his days. Fear and despondency characterized him even to the end. In the retrospect, his life, as he afterwards said, seemed but short and evil (xl: 9). Yet, for all that, his last days were his best days, and that constant reminder of his sinful past was to him, as it proves to many another, a blessing compared with which unbroken physical vigor or bounding spirits had been a loss.

There is no substitute for a long life of godly living for lifting one above the gloom which naturally settles about the weakness of age. But better, infinitely better, the halting which attends upon a sensitive conscience, acting upon remembered sins, than the deceptive ease of an unreflective godlessness. "With many men God is forced to such treatment; if any of us are under it, God forbid we should mistake its meaning and lie prostrate and despairing in the darkness, instead of clinging to him who has smitten and will heal us" (Dods).

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

True Honor. (John v: 41–44.)

Lesson XI. September 15, 1901.

One of the most impressive scenes the writer ever witnessed was during a stirring address before a large audience by a well-known speaker from Atlanta, Georgia. At some telling utterance the enthusiastic hearers broke out in tumultuous applause. It continued for some seconds, interrupting the orator. When he could resume his address he paused to say quietly, "When something I say elicits such demonstration from the audience, I often wonder what my Heavenly Father thinks of what I have said; does it meet his approval also?" Nothing given in that eloquent and learned speech made a deeper impression than that unusual and quiet remark. For a soul, in the midst of the applause of men, to be chiefly solicitous about the attitude of God, is rare nobility.

* * *

There are, in general, two classes of people, somewhere along the ranks of which the most of us belong, unless we have fought this battle and gotten the victory. One class consists of those who seek the praises of men, are getting them and are feeding upon them. The other class is filled with people who long for the praise of others, do not get it, and are sour and cynical because it is not accorded them. But Jesus' definition of greatness in Matthew, chapters xx and xxiii, and his words in the Scripture connected with our topic today, show how vital this theme is. There are very few conditions of mind which will mar our ideals and misdirect our ambitions, and sometimes weaken our moral judgment, so much as eagerness to receive the praises of men. The temptation is subtle, attractive and persistent; and the man who is perfectly free from its toils has made one long stride towards victory over self.

The desire for greatness is as natural and legitimate as the wish to preserve our life. The whole Word of God is one long encouragement to seek higher things. Nothing so stimulates a person to self-development and larger ambitions as a thoughtful study of the Bible. Multitudes are dwarfing themselves and living unworthy lives because they have not caught the inspiration of what it is possible for them to become. They are living lives of indulgence, or are seeking distinction in some small and earthly way, because their vision has not reached the heavenly things which God holds out to man. Keep your eyes open and notice what becomes of the honors from men. At the close of life, a man who lives for these honors usually has a few faded diplomas, a number of soiled badges, a handful of newspaper clippings, a gift or two he cannot use and dare not sell, and a cluster of indistinct memories. He walks with his back to the future and his face towards a rapidly receding past. The painful impression of the emptiness of life is the ever-present companion of his quiet hours.

* * *

There is only one honorable and satisfactory way to live, and that is to ask ourselves constantly, not what will men say, but what will God say. These are significant words which John has recorded here. Study them closely. The import of them is that to seek for the honors which men accord is to induce conceit and to weaken, if not to prevent, our faith in God. Most of the shams of human life and society are the result of wishing to appear what really we are not. Few things so violate truth and make it impossible for truth to dominate our lives as this eagerness for the honor of men. Note the rivalry in public life for this result. Our national records are marred by unworthy quarrels and struggles over the honors of a military campaign or a naval engagement. So, in lesser circles, we are ever meeting the jealousies and tears and hot words over the ascription of honors. This is all foreign to the kingdom of God.

* * *

True honor can come only from the true aim, and that is seek this one object, namely, to be worthy. The world applauds appearances. It will clap wildly at a sweet voice, even when it comes from a wretched life. It pays homage to wealth, without much care as to how that wealth is obtained. The young man cannot avoid the conclusion today that character, unless it is flagrantly outrageous, has little to do with gaining or losing the honors of men. But the honor which comes from God is given only when men live to be worthy in character and in conduct. To live for this is to suffer no disappointment, to feel no jealousy and to cultivate no inconsistency. To dress our children for exhibition and put them forward for admiration is to strew their after-life with thorns. To honor men in any sphere, irrespective of moral worth, and to extol books without regard to their influence upon life, is to raise false standards before the mind and lead the young into paths they will eternally regret. If we would have honors which will recede and fade away, then live for the honors of men. If we crave the honors which live forever, and towards which every step is an advance, then live for the approval of God. This is true honor.

If the springs of our action flow from molehill altitudes, our life will but dribble through meanness like some wretched gutter of the street, instead of leaping upwards like some strong, pure fountain, whose source is in the eternal hills.—Canon Farrar.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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From Turkey.

[Letter by Mrs. T. J. Baldwin, of Broussa, Turkey, July 29, 1901.]

You were a true prophet when you foresaw that in living in the school building I should be more likely to overdo than when I had the quiet of my own home to retire to, but, at the same time, your hope that I might have strength equal to my day has been graciously fulfilled and we have been brought safely and successfully through another school year.

It was good, however, to be together as a family with our dear girls—a mutual gratification to both pupils and ourselves, and if there was loss in some ways there was certainly corresponding gain, and I think we shall never regret—my husband and I—what we gave up for the sake of those who became so very dear to us, and from whom it was so hard to part a few weeks ago. Many of them will come back, but if our present plans are carried out, we shall again be in our own home, and Miss Holt, the new teacher, will be with them. * * *

We have just received word from Constantinople that Miss Holt will probably leave America July 31st—just think of it!—day after tomorrow! in company with Dr. Riggs and family of Marsovan. I am in a flutter of excitement, and this morning began to arrange rooms and make preparations to receive her. * * *

Now we find our hands full. Mr. Baldwin, at the Annual Meeting, was appointed auditor of Mission Accounts and hence is due in Constantinople in a few days. An urgent letter from Banderma claims his attention, as one of our pupils is to be married and the church is waiting, too, for communion, the receiving of new members and baptism of infants. * * *

About the end of March we heard that a lady had been designated for Broussa and you can imagine what good news this was. * * *

If possible, I would have held the Seniors back and let them have another year, but they had worked too hard and were too far on in their course to disappoint their hopes, though they had still to work under pressure, owing to the two months' loss in the fall. We tried to watch their health and got them out for exercise somewhat more regularly, besides interesting them in "a mile a day" walk, which meant twenty-one times around the school building. Their record for the whole spring term was most satisfactory, but when the warm weather came, I noticed that their enthusiasm was gone and I did not urge them to continue. * * *So the time flew by till Easter, when the Nigohosian family was ready to move into a house near the school, and we had to fit up the rooms which they had left. It was very nice to have the three dormitories, each with five bedsteads, side by side, and Miss Mianzara in the little room opening into them. All the beds were full, for when Mr. Baldwin returned from his tour to Soloz, he brought a very promising girl with him.

Our Easter services were extremely interesting and we all enjoyed getting our new hymn ready after the Armenian master had translated one which I had selected. Then we chose and practised an English one and the girls were well content. They do prize their special hymns and songs and keep copies of them in their blank books, so that they will often sing them when school days are over. The easiest way to disperse the clouds that sometimes gather round even the happiest girls, or chase away discontent and discouragement, is just to say, "Come, girls, shall we sing together?" and soon, without their knowing how, their troubles have vanished.

At the close of Easter vacation I went with Mr. Baldwin for a few days, including a Sabbath, to Yenijeh. * * * The Lord's work has prospered among this simple village people—in church and school, among young and old, under their earnest and self-denying native pastor. One of these days, when school work passes into other hands, I hope I may make longer visits among them; but that will not be immediately. In May came our Annual Meeting, and I think it would amuse you if I should send some of Dr. Herrick's notes setting forth the reasons why I should accompany my husband this year. But to all entreaties and invitations I had to turn a deaf ear, for each week's campaign in physics, rhetoric and moral philosophy was too definitely planned to allow any change.

The month of June, as I have said, was marked by our niece's visit. * * * After she left, what full days I had!—one class after another being examined in various branches, besides the senior examinations, either written or oral. If I had kept notes at the time I might give interesting facts, for they were not wanting, but each day was so full there was no margin for a record, just as some girls write their compositions, crowding the lines from one end to the other, so that there is no room for comment or correction. Their essays were a matter of great importance (?) to them, but finally they were finished quite to the master's satisfaction. The ones read in public were Armenian, while I simply handed round their English ones to those understanding that language. I think when I made the program I did not realize how many in the audience would understand, for not only were several of our own graduates present, but graduates also of the Smyrna and Adabazar schools, the pastor from Angora and quite a number of others. However, there were dialogues and recitations and singing in English, enough to elicit considerable commendation.

June 30th, at our last communion, one of the seniors united with the church. Two others were so serious that I though perhaps they were of the same mind, and yet they had not shown the Christlike spirit in all things that the first—Virgine—had. I feel sure they cannot long put off this important decision, for they are thoughtful girls and have had the duty and privilege of living for Christ held up steadily before them. The hymn chosen by one of them at opening exercises a few mornings before school closed was that beautiful one of F. R. H.'s—

> "Take my life and let it be
> Consecrated, Lord, to thee."

And the mother of the other, who called on me this morning, to thank us for all that had been done for her daughter, said, "Oh, Rebecca is a changed girl; she shows it in word and act; she is so different from what she used to be." I think the sudden death of her father in the fall impressed her very deeply.

This last term our boarders have had a little weekly prayer-meeting by themselves, which brought them very much closer together, but they were too shy to ask me to be present, and I did not intrude myself in any way. My

special hour with them was always just after morning service, when we returned from church on Sunday, and to me and to them it was often a sweet, solemn time. We were alone together, not even the teachers coming in, and yet not alone, I trust, for we could claim the promise in Matt. xviii: 20.

If you care for statistics I will say that the main school numbered about sixty when we closed (fourteen of whom were boarders), and the kindergarten forty, our highest number in all since we began, if I mistake not. Miss Demetra felt well and strong through the winter, and managed nicely without any assistant in the school work, but later the numbers increased and she was not well, so we sent one of our girls regularly every morning and different ones in the afternoon, according as it would not interfere with their own lessons. In this way we finished the year, but she pleads for and must have a regular, competent helper next year, for the trouble with her throat and heart may prove serious, and we must spare her all we can. She seems invaluable—no one else here knows the system.

As the time for closing exercises drew near, partly to make it easy for her, we decided to make a joint program, especially as the weather grew very warm and it would be better to finish when once the friends and parents assembled. The heat during the first week in July was extreme, but by the tenth it moderated somewhat and we did not suffer as we feared we should. We had the usual work of preparation, taking down the glass partition and removing desks in the inner room, trimming the room with greens and California flags and the fancy work finished during the year, banking up the bookcases—which you remember stood in the corners of the room—with potted plants in full bloom from our garden. The large space over one blackboard was reserved for the motto of the graduating class, "Aim High," the words going obliquely across the shield-shaped blue background, studded with stars, and the whole bordered with evergreen—really very effective.

The exercises began about 2:30 in the afternoon, the first hour being filled with the pretty sayings and doings of the little folks, which always delight everybody; and when six of them received their diplomas, with a speech from Mr. Baldwin, which they could understand, and which, at the same time gave some good advice to parents, the affair seemed quite complete. Their tiny diplomas, with the pink ribbon, meant quite as much to them as the larger ones did to the older pupils.

Then our exercises began, and though we had tried to make a short program we actually filled three hours, and with but one exception—a doctor—I believe no one left the crowded room till all was finished.

We have had more piano pupils than usual this year, hence there was more music to be interspersed between dialogues, recitations, etc. The girls played well, notwithstanding the fact that their teacher could not be with them on account of the very recent death of her brother.

The three graduates were Virgine O, Rebecca K., and Araxie G., the latter being the pastor's daughter and the third in that family who has taken a diploma from this school. It will be evident later where their fields of labor will be. Just before Mr. Baldwin presented their diplomas I fastened on their white dresses a silver pin with their motto engraved on it, and after they had sung their farewell song we gave them as a parting gift a large gilt-edged copy of "Gospel Hymns," complete from 1 to 6. Our hearts were so full of thanksgiving and praise that nothing could more fittingly close our exercises than the doxology sung by *all* standing.

Graduating a class of four last year and another of three this year has brought the school very prominently into notice in the community, and I trust the good effects will be seen in an increased attendance in the future, so that your hearts may all be gladdened and encouraged, and friends of the school everywhere be stirred up to special remembrance in prayer for those who, one by one, finish their course and go out into the world. It is interesting to know that two of these three girls began with A, B, C in this school, and the third attended another school only while the family was temporarily absent from the city; so that, in a peculiar sense, they belong to you and me; may they belong to Him whom we love and serve. * * *

The next week was still full of duties connected with the different schools and we gave one afternoon to closing exercises at the Orphanage. They were very interesting. * * *

The German and French Consuls were both present and expressed themselves as much gratified with what they saw and heard.

Southern Branch.

[Extracts from recent letters from Miss Louise E. Wilson, Kusaie, Micronesia.]

March 15, 1901.

How the time does fly! Two years next month since I returned to my work, and it seems only a few months ago since I was home. I hope next time I have a vacation that I can go to Southern California, and have a chance to see your part of the State as well as my own.

July 2d.

I wonder if you home people realize what a privilege it is to have a postoffice with a daily mail! I know I never did until I came down here and had to wait months and months for vessels that never came when they were expected, and often when they do come the long-looked-for letters do not come with them. A German steamer from Sydney plans to call here once in three months, and they bring all the mail sent that way. How very nice this seems. To think of receiving our letters once in thre months instead of once or twice a year!

I think you would be interested, if you could see it, in our day school of little Kusaian children. Three of our Kusaian girls began teaching seven children who live near us, and now the number has increased to twenty-one. You may wonder why it took three girls to teach seven children. It is planned so as not to interfere with their own recitations. They are not all teaching at one time, but take turns, as they are in different classes. A young chief and his wife who live near our station keep a sort of boarding-house, and look after most of these children when they are not in school. A number of their homes are ten miles away from us, but their parents know that they will have better training here than in the native school at their village, so that accounts for the increase in numbers. It is quite an undertaking for Johnnie and his wife, Hattie, to take care of so many children, as the oldest one is only about eleven years old. The youngest one in school is three and a half. This small one—Flora—while playing, struck David, a boy about five, at which he lifted up his voice and cried very hard. Rebecca, the teacher, told Flora that it was very unkind of her to treat David that way, and that she wanted her to go and ask David to forgive her. The little tot did as she was bidden, and David's tears ceased to flow, and he assured her that it was all right. Then Flora looked around for something as a peace-offering, and took it, and gave it to David. This was her own thought. What was very sweet of her, we thought, that she should

try to make amends for her unkindness. She is a very dear little child.

We have had a baby girl in our household for almost two years. Her mother is a young widow from the Marshall Islands. We are not in the habit of taking widows into our school, but this one was quite bright and attractive, so Miss Hoppin asked her if she would not like to come to school. She said she would, so, as the baby was only a few months old, of course she had to come if the mother did. The baby likes our company better than that of her mother or the girls. We have tried to keep her with us as much as possible as the others will give her her own way in spite of all we say to them. She is such a bright child, and tries to say everything she hears, and imitates everything she sees. She has been a real ball of sunshine in our home the past year. She loves singing and entertains us many an evening by singing and going through the motions of some of the kindergarten songs she has heard the little Kusaians sing. She stumbled the other night and fell and cut her lip with her teeth. She cried out between her sobs, "E joran! E joran!" They generally use this word when anything has gone to pieces. I suppose she thought she had gone to pieces, so I took her up in my arms and comforted her. After she stopped crying, I said, "Now is Frada going to be a good girl and go to bed?" She said, "Aet" (Yes); then put up her mouth and said, "Kiss Joran!" I had to laugh, it was so funny for her to apply that word in that way, but I gave her the desired kiss and sent her to bed.

* * *

Our own Miss Perkins is now in San Francisco, called home quite suddenly by her mother's illness. In a recent letter, referring to our Hindu sisters hidden in the zenanas, who love Christ, but have not the moral courage to confess him, she says, "You were kind to ask for the dear women who have been groping for the light. They have not come out as yet, but as I laid my hand upon the head of one of them at parting, between our tears she said, "My mother is going away; I cannot but believe we shall meet again before the throne, if not here."

A Memorial.

Mrs. Sarah B. C. Greeley, one of God's household, went to her home Thursday, August 29th, having lived eighty-two years. She is the mother of Rev. F. N. Greeley of Berkeley, and of Mrs. Helen B. Matthews of Brooklyn, N. Y.

If it be true, and it is true, that the *good* are great, then she was one of the great of the earth. Almost completely she filled out that definition of greatnes which the Master gave to his disciples. She was pre-eminently a servant to the needy. She loved to serve. Hers was one of those lives—

"Made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint
On unknown errands of the Paraclete."

Born of New England parents, in 1819, she embodied in her character the very best of the New England of fifty years ago. Those who know and love such sterling qualities would have recognized them in her.

In those days, the New England clergyman was regarded as a leader in the religious, social and civil life of his community. She was the daughter of such a minister—Rev. Jonathan Curtis, a Congregational clergyman of positive character and marked impress upon the life of New England during much of the first half of the last century. So, coming from such sturdy stock, she grew up, as her pastor said, like the sweet New England corn, than which there is none sounder nor sweeter. Her mother died when she was but 16, the eldest of a large family of brothers and sisters. And so she early learned the meaning of self-sacrifice, a trait which characterized her whole life. Her devotion to her family—father, mother, husband and children—was remarkable.

In 1846 she became the wife of a Congregational minister, Rev. S. S. N. Greeley, and with him lived her life of ministry through more than fifty years in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Michigan and New York. It was only natural that the influence of such a character as hers should be felt in an unusual degree in the churches and communities where she lived. Hundreds can testify to her Christlike sympathy; her wonderful and quick appreciation of others' needs; her ability to put herself in their place, and thus enter into the very fellowship of their suffering. Being a woman of strong intellect, positive convictions and extensive reading, she counted among her intimate friends many of the most cultured and prominent people of her day, both East and West. These valued her friendship and admired the alertness and power of her intellect. Yet, more than these, was she companion and helper of the unknown and the humble. She, like her Master, was the friend of sinners. She took them into her home. She wrote to them, if far away, and lovingly sought to bring them to God.

Many others owe some of their richest inspirations to the sympathetic touch of her heart and the stimulus of her bright mind. Even after she became too feeble to hear them read, letters came to her from three young men, one from Japan, bearing grateful witness to the inspiration of her life.

She had known many years of invalidism; but because of her intense interest in life, her love of others, her inexhaustible fund of sympathy, her sick room was a place of comfort, cheer and inspiration to those who sought her. Not soon will the writer of these inadequate words forget the warmth of her interest in his work, the frequent messages of cheer sent from her bed of weakness. From even the unfrequent visitor many other memories will pass rather than the recollection of her active sympathy, her helpful words and quaint humor, that often had behind it the pathos of tears. She was a good woman. Her children rise up and call her blessed, ascribing to her influence the best things in their lives. Her grandsons, of whom two make their home in California, are among the most honored of our young men, by reason of their ability and Christian manhood. They also pay tribute to the inspiration gained from her life.

Such lives are never ended. They pass from our vision, but only to—

"* * * join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence.
* * * Whose music is the gladness of the world."

J. K. H.

Home Missionary Union.

The annual meeting of the W. H. M. U. for Northern California will be held at Plymouth church, San Francisco on Thursday, September 19, at 10:30 o'clock. A meeting to hear the report of the Nominating Committee, and to elect the Board of Directors for the coming year, is called for Wednesday, the 18th, at 3 p.m., in First church, Oakland. It is desired that representatives from as many auxiliaries as possible around the bay attend this meeting. *Mrs. F. B. Perkins*, Sec.

Church News.

Northern California.

Berkeley, Park.—Six persons were welcomed into church fellowship last Sunday.

San Francisco, Olivet.—The largest communion that the church has had for many years was held last Sunday. One person was received in church membership.

San Mateo.—A welcome-home reception was given on Thursday evening to the pastor and his wife on their return from a month's vacation, which they spent in Trinity and Shasta counties. A unanimous call has been extended by the church to Mr. Kidd to remain another year, which he has accepted.

Oakland, First.—The pastor instituted among the young people last Sunday what may be termed a Confirmation class. It is composed of persons under twenty years of age. Fifty-one met at the first session. The aim is to give the young converts and others such instruction as will develop them into earnest, consistent Christians. There will be a meeting of the class for one-half hour after the Sunday morning services for the next two or three months.

Berkeley, North.—Rev. Jee Gam spoke last Sunday on the subject, "Are Chinese Converts Genuine Believers?" He took a firm position in favor of the sterling faith and consistent Christian living of these converts. Two members of the Chinese Mission were received to fellowship. Four of the Chinese students who recently entered the University of California were present at the services. Two of these young men are the sons of the Congregational pastor at Hongkong. All these young men will have advanced studies in the University. Mainly these will be along the line of jurisprudence, mining, civil and mechanical engineering.

Lincoln.—August 25th was an important day with the First church at Lincoln, as on that evening, by the Rev. C. W. Merrill of Oroville, the pastor, Rev. F. M. Washburn, was united in marriage to Mrs. Delle Cox of Wichita, Kan., a national platform lecturer and organizer of the W. C. T. U. Rev. Mr. Merrill delivered an able address on marriage, after which the ceremony was performed in the presence of an immense audience of interested people. Mrs. Washburn will bring to the Lincoln field large experience in Christ's work and unusual talent as a platform helper, and the church may well be congratulated on this important and invaluable accession to the already goodly list of noble workers.

Southern California.

Los Angeles, Olivet.—The pastor, Rev. W. A. Lamb, who has been absent with his family through most of the summer, visiting old friends and scenes in the Eastern States, is expected to return soon after the first Sabbath of September.

Avalon.—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burnham of Orange recently threw open their new and beautiful Catalina home for a parlor lecture by Mrs. G. T. Greenleaf, President of the Contemporary Club of Redlands, upon "Brave Little Holland." The silver offering for the Church Chair Fund amount to $25.

Los Angeles, Brooklyn Avenue.—Rev. Fred A. Field who has charge of this new enterprise, and hs already succeeded in erecting a church building suited to its present wants has now moved from his own home in a distant part of the city to reside near the new church. His present address is corner of Bailey Street and Brooklyn Avenue.

Los Angeles, Central Avenue.—Pastor N. L. Rowell has tried to take a vacation rest at Redondo Beach, where he was formerly pastor, but finds that the social attentions of many old friends, though welcome and delightful in themselves, are not the best means of recuperation for tired nerves. He is taking his rest largely at home while his pulpit is supplied by others.

Poway and Ramona.—The pastor, Rev. C. H. Abernethy has returned from his six weeks' vacation a part of which was spent at the Christian Endeavor Convention at Cincinnati. During his absence the Sunday services of both his churches were maintained by the local church workers, the C. E. Society at Poway and the W. C. T. U. at Ramona, being especially helpful.

Los Angeles Vernon.—Rev. H. E. Merrill of San Jacinto appears to be a favorite supply of this church during the prolonged absence of its pastor, Rev. W. P. Hardy. The church is cheered by the news that Mrs. Hardy's health has improved during their visit to their old New England home, so that she has been able to go with her husband to the Moody Conference at Northfield.

Paso Robles.—This place and San Miguel double their offerings for foreign missions this year, sending two dollars each. Many of the congregation have been away during the summer, but are now returning. Over a million dollars' worth of wheat will be harvested in this vicinity this year, and the churches will be benefited by the return of prosperity to the community. The pastor exchanged last Sabbath evening with the Methodist pastor, who preached for him in San Miguel.

General Association of California.

The forty-fifth annual meeting will be held with the First Congregational church of Oakland, beginning Tuesday afternoon, October 1st, at 2 p. m., and closing Friday noon, Oct. 4th.

Each Congregational church within the boundaries of the Association is entitled to be represented by two delegates and one additional delegate for each 100 members, or major fraction thereof, in excess of 200; "provided that any church having more than 500 members shall be entitled to but one delegate for each 200 in excess of such 500."

Congregational ministers, regularly ordained, and connected with some one of our local Associations, are members of the General Association. Each member of the Association must be a member of a Congregational church within its limits.

It is expected that the usual arrangement with the railroads will be made for reduced price of round-trip tickets.

Delegates should be elected not later, if possible, than Sept. 20th, and the names of such delegates as desire to accept the proffered hospitality of the entertaining church should be sent in immediately after election, to Mrs. Charles W. Kellogg, 1253 Grove St., Oakland, Chairman of Committee of Entertainment.

Pastors and treasurers of churches whose dues to the General Association are unpaid are urged to remit at once to the undersigned, as the Association is heavily in arrears to the National Council, which meets next month.

H. E. Jewett,
Registrar of General Association.

Berkeley, Sept. 2, 1901.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. W. H. Cook of Sunol occupied the pulpit at Sebastopol last Sunday.

Rev. G. H. Wilbur of Soquel, renewing his subscription, writes: "The paper is well worth the amount."

Rev. F. H. Maar will read a paper at the Monday meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity.

Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Brooks of Pilgrim church, Oakland, returned this week from their vacation in Southern California.

The First Congregational church of Ogden, Utah, is being repaired and remodeled. The estimated cost of the improvements is $1,000.

Rev. and Mrs. Geo. C. Adams returned Monday from their trip to Honolulu. Dr. Adams expects to be in the pulpit of the First church next Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. H. Hammond Cole reached San Francisco last week from Alaska. Mr. Cole will, before entering any other work, take a much-needed rest.

Judge Frear and family of Honolulu arrived in San Francisco Monday night. Mr. Frear expects to go East soon and will attend the Bi-centennial of Yale University, of which he is an alumnus.

Rev. E. S. Hill and wife of Atlantic, Iowa, who have been visiting California relatives for several weeks, returned recently to their home. Mr. Hill has been pastor of the Congregational church of Atlantic since 1869.

The First church, Alameda, held a meeting last week, at which it was thought by many that a pastor would be called, but by a vote of sixty-three to sixty-two it was decided not to proceed to the selection of a pastor at that time.

The attendance at Petaluma during the vacation has been good, especially so at the Sunday-school. The work on the parsonage is progressing rapidly, and it is thought that it will be completed about the 1st of November. It is a two and a half-story building. Rev. S. C. Patterson, the pastor, returned last Saturday from his vacation at Pacific Grove.

Rev. C. C. Kirtland has accepted the call from the church at Sonoma and will enter on the work at once. Mr. Kirtland preached his farewell sermon at Sebastopol on the 26th of August. The Standard said recently: "He is liked by every one whether they were members of his church or not and he has always been a welcome visitor at the many homes here. It is universally regretted that he leaves, but he has decided that he will be more useful in a new field."

An Experience.

BY J. K. HARRISON.

The man who has never been thirsty can know but little of the refreshing power of a cup of cold water. Let him travel, as I did recently, over sage-brush plains under a hot sun, with the air full of inpalpable dust, and then, after weary hours of deprivation, come at last to a mountain spring of crystalline water, cooled in the secret places of the rocks. Then he knows what water is!

The best way to appreciate our common blessings is to be made to do without them for a time. I thought of that recently when cut off for two weeks from all news of our churches. I wondered what this man was doing and whether that church had decided to go on. Whether a certain "call" had been accepted and a certain "report" had come in, with a hundred other things. Finally, I reached a pleasant little home out among the sage-brush and one of the first papers I saw was The Pacific. Well! It was even better than the water. I read it all, even to the advertisements about the Blymer bells. I asked the man of the house how he liked it. "Why," he said, "it's the best religious paper I ever had." And he had been brought up a Presbyterian and had the Advance in his house along with The Pacific. He said the reason he liked it was that it had so much good common sense about it. So say we all of us.

Others may get along without a denominational paper, but we Congregationalists on the Pacific Coast can not. By it, more than any one other agency, we are kept in touch one with another. I came back more than ever loyal to it. Let us help Mr. Ferrier more—get subscribers for him, pay up our bills, cheer him with a word of honest appreciation; for he gives us a paper of which we have no need to be ashamed.

Inland Empire Letter.

By Iorwerth.

The Rev. W. C. Fowler has closed his labors with the church at Genessee, Idaho, and is now, probably, on his way to Nome, Alaska, to succeed Rev. Wm. Davies as pastor of the church there. Mr. Fowler is a strong preacher, often soaring aloft in flights of brilliant oratory. He is especially strong in history and makes good use of it in his pulpit efforts. His work at Genessee has been eminently successful, both in its molding influence upon the community and the development of the church numerically and spiritually. During his ministry of over seven years the church building has been enlarged and improved, and a parsonage erected. He has made his influence felt beyond the limits of his parish, having been heard several times at the State University and other higher institutions of learning. During the last political campaign he ran on the Republican ticket for the State Senate, but fortune was against him, as the State went strongly Democratic. It is gratifying that a man of his ability and capacity has been secured for the church at Nome, which is a guarantee that the work so well planned, and to a great extent established, by Supt. Davies, will be carried on successfully. We wish him God speed in the northern clime.

Prof. W. W. Dow has accepted the principalship of Eell's Academy, Colville, and is already on the ground. He is a graduate of Oberlin College and is one of the pioneer teachers of Eastern Washington, having been at one time the principal of Cheney Academy, now succeeded by the Normal School. Rev. Rosine M. Edwards, Principal of Woodcock Academy, Ahtanum, is now on the ground making preparation for the opening of the school in October.

There was an entertainment, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, also recitations, at the Congregational church of Wardner, on the 31st ult. The most accomplished musicians in town participated, in a manner that delighted a large audience.

Rev. T. W. Walters and wife are making a tour of some of the cities in the middle States, and will probably go as far as their old home in Pennsylvania, their first visit since they came west, nearly twenty years ago.

Ah! if men but knew in what a small dwelling Joy could live and how little it costs to furnish it.—Souvestre.

Magazines.

The special features of the Review of Reviews for September are a sketch of the naval record of Admiral Schley by Park Benjamin; an illustrated article on automobile-making in the United States by J. A. Kingman; an analysis of the steel strike by Talcott Williams; a study of Dr. Robert Koch and his theories on consumption by Dr. Hermann Biggs, the bacteriologist; a sketch of the late Prof. Herbert B. Adams, by his former colleague at the Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Richard T. Ely; and illustrated articles on "The Economics of Cattle-Ranching in the Southwest," by Robert M. Barker, and "Kansas After the Drought," by Prof. F. W. Blackmar.

"The Great Awakening in Japan" is described in full in The Missionary Review of the World for September; Rev. Theo. M. McNair tells graphically of the new and vital interest which the people of the Island Empire are taking in Christ and his gospel. Dr. Pierson writes of the life and work of "John Eliot, the Apostle to the Red Indians." The story of his zeal and the results of his labors is inspiring. An interesting description of "Hawaii and the Hawaiians" is given by Henry W. Frost; their physical and moral characteristics and their political and religious history are dwelt upon especially and are given in a fresh and striking manner. Other papers of importance among the varied contents of this number deal with Korea, China and India. The general intelligence department covers the entire world in its items of news and pointed paragraphs. Published monthly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, 30 Lafayette Place, New York. $2.50 a year.

In St. Nicholas for September the career of danger and daring described by Cleveland Moffett is that of the dynamite workers. It affords some thrilling tales of heroism. The "Two Strange Animals," written of by John R. Coryell, and pictured by J. C. and D. C. Beard, are the water-antelope, described by Major Serpa Pinto, the African explorer, and the water-hare, a native of our own country, and half-brother to the swamp-hare of Louisiana and thereabouts. There is a short story in this number by Josephine Daskam, "The Imp and the Drum"; and bits of verse by Mary Mapes Dodge, Albert Brown, A. B. Paine, Charles Battell Loomis and others; and the departments teem with prose and verse and pictures. A great lover of children is the learned Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and he has demonstrated his affection for the young ones by having a special room fitted up, under his immediate personal supervision, for their instruction and entertainment. To an article by Albert Bigelow Paine, on this department of the national museum, Prof. Langley contributes an autobiographical introduction.

Readers of the September Century will not complain of any lack of variety in its contents. The opening pages of the magazine are taken up with an illustrated paper on "Mid-Air Dining Clubs," by Cleveland Moffett. These down-town lunching places, to all of which women are admitted, and one of which is for women only, are favorably affecting the social characteristics of New York business men, as Mr. Moffett thinks; they certainly have a beneficial effect on the physical condition of their patrons. David Gray, a Buffalo journalist and author of the popular book of short stories called "Gallops," describes the Pan-American Exposition under the happy title, "The City of Light." "Louis Philippe in the United States" traces the foot-steps of the exiled prince who became King of France and his two brothers, on a memorable visit to this country a hundred years ago. "The Crown of the Continent," to which George Bird Grinnell directs attention, is a little-known region of northern Montana, whence water flows to the Arctic and the Pacific oceans and the Gulf of Mexico. "Fighting Frost" is a paper of scientific interest and practical value by Alexander McAdie. In the fourth of his chapters on Daniel Webster, Prof. McMaster sums up the character and achievements of the great constitutional orator. In the current installment of his notes on the "East of Today and Tomorrow," Bishop Potter records his "Impressions of the Hawaiian Islands."

The Smile of Defeat.

A young Englishman once failed to pass the medical examination on which he though his future depended.

"Never mind," he said to himself. "What is the next thing to be done?" and he found that policy of "never minding" and going on to the next thing, the most important of all policies for practical life. When he had become one of the greatest scientists of the age, Huxley looked back upon his early defeat and wrote:

"It does not matter how many tumbles you have in life, so long as you do not get dirty when you tumble. It is only the people who have to stop and be washed who must lose the race."

Twenty years ago Lindon Bates of Chicago was compelled through lack of funds to discontinue his course at the Sheffield Scientific School and begin work for a railroad. Some years later he secured the contract for building two miles of the Chicago drainage canal, and invented for use there a dredging-machine which attracted immediate attention. Today the Volga river is being dredged by the machines, a dozen rivers and ports of Australia and Tasmania, the difficult harbor of Calcutta and another at Antwerp. The International Congress of Navigation recently awarded him a gold medal; and upon hydraulic engineering in navigation he is ranked as the highest living authority.

To assert that present defeat is not incompatible with future success is merely to repeat one of those fundamental truths which, like submerged piers, supports the bridge of life. The stone which turns the brook into a wider channel is not an obstruction. Defeat is as different from failure as the two points in the adventure of the diver: One when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge; one when, a prince, he rises with his pearl.

Vigorous Measures.

For a long time the favorite form of "make believe" of little Faith was that of "getting married." For weeks she was a bride, marching down an imaginary aisle to the strains of an imaginary wedding march, to meet an imaginary bridegroom. At last, her mother becoming tired of it, said:

"Faith, don't you know that when you get married you will have to leave me?"

This was a rude awakening, and the game stopped.

Not long afterward she came to ask the difference between "Miss" and "Mrs." To make herself clear her mother said:

"Well, when you grow up and become a young lady you will be Miss Butler; but if some man should ask you to marry him—"

"I'd call a policeman!" exclaimed Faith, and her interest was at an end.

It is probably safe to say, however, that in a dozen years from now the future "man" need not seriously consider the chances of arrest.

Our Boys and Girls.

Write Them a Letter Tonight.

Don't go the the theatre, grange, or ball,
But stay in your room tonight;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble, "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely the time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a by-gone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer—
That God would leave the delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them think that you've no more need
Of their love or counsel wise;
For the heart grows strangely sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes—
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them, quite;
That you deem it a pleasure, when far away,
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends,
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thought for you
That the old folks have today.
The duty of writing do not put off;
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they looked and longed
Be a day or an hour too late.
For the sake of old folks who at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear from the absent one—
Write them a letter tonight.

Ruth's Dog Towzer.

Ruth is a serious little girl of five, with great, solemn, truthful eyes. No one would ever dream of her telling what was not exactly true, and she never made a joke in her life.

She was sitting on the bottom step of her stoop on this special morning when Mr. Smith, the big policeman, came along. He interested Ruth very much by going to the door of every house, a little open book and pencil in his hand. After talking with whoever came to the door for a moment, he turned away, sometimes writing in the little book, but oftener not.

At the minister's door he wrote something, and at Dr. Blake's. Ruth practically noticed that.

Mr. Smith was a tremendous power in the neighborhood. Not a boy dared to shout or fling a ball when he was in sight; and as for the girls—well, they always breathed freer when Mr. Smith turned the corner.

Ruth watched the big man until he reached her house. Then, with quaking heart, she saw him mount her steps. Mamma opened the door.

"Do ye kape a dog, mum?" asked Mr. Smith.

"No," replied mamma; and to Ruth the dear voice seemed to shake with fear.

Mr. Smith bowed sternly, and turned to come down.

It was perfectly clear to Ruth now. Mr. Smith was putting the entire neighborhood under arrest, except those who kept dogs!

The minister had one, and so did Dr. Blake. She meant to save mamma if she could. So she tremblingly faced Mr. Smith on the bottom step, and said gently, "Mamma forgot Towser, sir."

Mr. Smith was all attention.

"Is this your house?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir." Ruth's great, honest eyes gazed frankly into the grim face, looking down.

"And have you a dog, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Towser is our dog."

Up the steps again went Mr. Smith, and sharply rang the bell.

Mamma replied.

"Where's your dog, mum?"

"I told you that we had no dog. We have never had a dog," mamma answered.

"Oh, this is an old trick, mum; though we don't meet it often in these neighborhoods. However, you've got a truthful little girl; and she isn't so sure ye have no dog. I insist upon seeing him, mum."

A funny little gleam came into mamma's eyes.

"Ruth," she called, "you may as well bring Towser. The officer insists upon seeing him."

Mr. Smith's face grew very red, as Ruth ran upstairs.

Presently she came back. "Here's Towser, sir," she said, with a quiver. "Here's our dog." And she held up to the astonished eyes of the big policeman a dirty Canton-flannel dog, one shoe-buttoned eye quite gone, his tail in shreds and his detached ears pinned to his head with safety-pins.

If Mr. Smith had been wise he would have laughed, but Mr. Smith was not on the police force because of his wisdom.

Mamma, though, laughed merrily, while Ruth hugged Towzer, and felt that in some roundabout way he and she had saved the family from an awful fate.—Christian Register.

The Origin of Yankee Doodle.

By many nations has the air of Yankee Doodle been claimed. It is said that it was first sung as a vintage song in the south of France, and in Holland the reapers were used to lighten their labors with its lively strains. On the other hand, some claim a Spanish origin for this song.

The tune was first sung in England in the time of Charles I, and after the uprising headed by Cromwell, the cavaliers used it to ridicule the Puritan, who was said to have ridden into Oxford on a small horse, with his single plume fastened into a knot, which was derisively called macaroni. Yankee Doodle was introduced into America in June, 1755. When Braddock assembled the colonists near Albany, for an attack on forts Niagara and Frontenac, a British army surgeon, Dr. Richard Shuckburg, seeing the "old Continentals in their ragged regimentals," recalled the picture of Cromwell on the Kentish pony, and writing down the notes of Yankee Doodle, gave them to the uncouth Continental band as the latest martial air from England. The joke became apparent twenty-five years later, when, to the music of Yankee Doodle, Lord Cornwallis surrendered to these same Continentals.

"A Lie is Forever."

A little girl came to her mother with the question:

"Which is worse—to tell a lie or to steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that they were both so bad that she could not say which was the worse.

"Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I think it is worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, unless you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it, you can pay for it. But—" and there was a look of awe in the child's face—"a lie is forever."—"Selected."

The Home.

Did She Forget?

"I know a lady in this land
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand;
But, in her heart, does she carry a thought
Of the Chinese sister who carefully wrought
The dainty, delicate, silken toy,
For her to admire, for her to enjoy?

"This lady has on her parlor floor
A lovely rug from Syrian shore;
Its figures were woven with curious art;
I wish that my lady had in her heart
One thought of love for those foreign homes
Where the light of the Gospel never comes!

"To shield my lady from chilling draught
Is a Japanese screen of curious craft,
She takes the comfort its presence gives,
But in her heart not one thought lives,
Not even one little thought—ah, me!
For the Christless homes that lie over the sea.

"My lady in gown of silk is arrayed;
Its fabric soft was in India made.
Will she think of the country whence it came?
Will she make an offering in His name
To send the news of the heavenly dress,
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness,
To those who are poor, and sad, and forlorn,
To those who know not that Christ is born?

—Selected.

Unrolling the Spool.

John Lee had become unsteady. He had formed the acquaintance of some fast young men, and every time he went down town some one would ask him to drink, and then he would have to treat, and the habit of drinking so grew on him that he was fast becoming a drunkard. A good many nights, while he was sleeping off the effects of liquor he had drunk, his poor mother was awake, weeping and praying for him. Sometimes she would talk to him, and he would promise to do better, but he always broke his promise. Pretty Mary, who had promised to become his wife as soon as they could save enough money to go to house-keeping, noticed a change in him, and mistrusted that all was not right. But she kept hoping for the best, and saving her money to buy the furniture for the happy home she hoped soon to enjoy.

One night John was brought home drunk, so drunk that the next day he was sick and heartily ashamed of himself. His mother talked to him long and tearfully. She told him of Mary's love and patience and faith in him, and ended by saying: "Now, John, if you will sign the pledge and keep it, at the end of six months I will make you a present of fifty dollars toward setting up housekeeping. I know I can get it somehow."

John laughed and said: "All right, mother, I'll do it, and hold you to your promise." So John signed the pledge, and his mother began to save. It required close calculation to lay by several shillings a week; but she retrimmed her old bonnet, and turned her old dress, and mended her shoes, and patched her aprons and drank her tea weaker, and gave up drinking coffee, and ate the tiniest bit of meat, and in one self-denying way and another the little pile of savings slowly grew.

John's appearance rapidly improved. He walked more briskly and stood erect; his eyes grew bright, his breath became sweet, his temper cheerful, and Mary thought him smarter and handsomer every day. Sometimes he peeped into the cracked teapot which held his mother's savings, when his eyes would twinkle and a queer smile would curve his lips.

He said to a friend: "It made me just ashamed when my dear mother offered to give me fifty dollars if I would give up drinking; and I made up my mind that I would be even with her. Says I to myself, 'If you can save fifty, I can save a hundred.' So I gave up smoking and bought me a tin savings' bank, and every day I would drop in about what I thought my tobacco and beer would cost me. The day my six months were up I emptied my savings' bank; and would you believe it, there was over a hundred dollars in it! Well, I took it to the bank and got one hundred new dollar notes, and then I got a spool and pinned the notes together and wound them around the spool, and then I ran a stick through the spool, so that the spool would turn around on the stick. I tucked it into my pocket and went around to see Mary, and invited her over to mother's to tea. After supper, says I, 'Mother, do you know the six months are up today?' She says, 'Yes, John, and I have fifty dollars for you.' She got up and handed me the money. 'Thank you; it will be quite a help to us about housekeeping. Mother, will you please remain standing; I have a little present for you—some tobacco,' said I; and I took out the roll of notes and had her take hold of the end of the one on the outside, and I held on to the stick in the spool and walked backward. She kept pulling until we reached the end, and by that time she was crying, and had to sit down.

"Well, we had a jolly time, you'd better believe, and the next week Mary and I were married, and I have not drank a drop of liquor since. Then we commenced to go to a place of worship, and the Lord converted us, and now we have got the neatest, happiest little home you ever saw."—Kind Words.

The Truth About Whittington.

In Harper's for August Moncure D. Conway gives us the history of the fable of Dick Whittington and his cat, as seen in the light of recent investigation. Here is his summing up of the facts in the case:

"The entire story shows us a historical Englishman invested with a legend not only untrue, but uncharacteristic of him. The animus of the legend is plain; it is a moral tale. In order to make the moral more striking, line after line of darkness has been added by successive reciters to the lad's life, and corresponding lustres to the man's life, to make the transformation more marvelous. In the epitaph quoted, 'Fortune' and 'Providence' are both credited with the result. The British paterfamilias could hardly believe in a heaven-blest union without offspring, consequently the virtuous pair are given children unknown to history. The very soul of London City, as distinguished from the aristocratic nation, is expressed in the figment that Whittington was of mean birth. Long before every American boy was told he might become President, the London boy was told he might become Lord Mayor; but it was not yet so in Dick Whittington's time, and the legend probably took on that item when the city was becoming more democratic. After encouraging this democratic tendency, the conventional legend pays deference to early Puritan elements. But the cockney element is paramount. The Bow Bell, the ancient curfew of London, to whose sounds every apprentice rose and retired, was of old represented in rhymes and runes. Its sounds could not of course reach Highgate except in fairy fashion; but it was necessary that acoustic laws should accommodate themselves to the rule that a cockney must be born within sound of Bow Bell. "Dick," having been so unfortunate as to be born in the country, does his best cockneyward by being born again, as it were, under the Bells, or adopted by them in a special way."

GREAT FAITH EVINCED.

Evidently Jesus, in answer to the plea of the elders, indicated his willingness to go to the home of the centurion. Some may have hastened in advance of him to comfort the officer by informing him of Jesus' coming. But before reaching the house, Christ was met with messengers, representing the centurion, saying he, being a Gentile, was not worthy to have a Jew, and especially such a holy and perfect one as Jesus, to enter his household. Neither was he worthy to make a request in person for help from the Lord. Then flashed forth the remarkable faith of the centuion, who accepted the Lord's absolute authority, and who believed that, in spite of space and time, Jesus could cure his servant without the power of personal contact. He recognized the fact that Christ was ruler over all the forces of the universe. All these were subject to the Lord's will and direction, just as the centurion's servants and soldiers were under his orders. This was a wonderful display of faith. "Speak the word and thy servant shall be healed" fell upon Jesus' ears with charming astonishment.

"When Jesus heard" the message of faith which the officer sent him, he at once rewarded that extraordinary faith with the exercise of extraordinary power. He healed the dying servant immediately without entering into his presence.

"Jesus was twice astonished: (1) At the unbelief of his townsmen (Mark vi: 6), and (2) at the faith of the centurion. The first greatly pained him, but the second gave him great satisfaction. Faith gave him opportunity to realize, in the soul and in society, the gospel of the kingdom. Our Lord was always happy when he could bless some one through faith, for so his power was unto salvation. Faith is the one thing that never goes away empty from Jesus. Faith is the one thing that Jesus never dishonors, never disappoints. Faith is absolutely essential to the Christian."

The messengers returning to the house found the servant restored to health. Jesus said to the centurion, as recorded in Matt. viii: 13, "As thou hast believed so be it unto thee."

WHAT THOMAS MISSED.

Will disciples who don't go to prayer-meetings kindly read John xx: 19-29. Here an account is given of the first prayer and conference meeting.

The ratio of attendance was much greater than is usual now, as all the disciples—Judas having gone to his own place—were present, except Thomas. He was absent, and apparently not excused. Perhaps it rained, or possibly he had an important business engagement; he may not have felt very well, or after a tiresome day may have felt the need of physical relaxation. At any rate, he was absent; and he missed a great deal.

In the first place, he missed seeing Jesus. For the Master came to that first prayer-meeting and spoke at it.

In the second place, Thomas missed the mysterious gift of the Holy Ghost, which those present received from the Savior.

In the third place, he lost his faith in Christianity. When the disciples next met him, he had blossomed out into a full-fledged agnostic. He flatly refused to accept their united testimony, and declared that nothing short of full scientific proof could ever convince him of the resurrection.

But it is substantially what the Christian of nowadays loses if he absents himself from the more intimate meetings of Christ's disciples. He, too, misses the vision of Jesus, the unction of the Spirit, and the assurance of faith.—Church Economist.

Christians Watched.—The unbelieving world, the sceptics holding out their false lights, are watching you and me. When Jacob put away his idols, he could go up to Bethel and get strength and the blessing—so it will be with the church of God. A viper fixes upon the hand of the shipwrecked Paul; immediately he is judged by the barbarians as some criminal unfit to live; but he shakes it off into the fire, and suffers no harm, and now they are ready to worship him, and ready, too, to hear and receive his messages. The church of God must shake off the vipers that have fastened on hand and heart, too, ere men will hear. Where one ungodly man reads the Bible, a hundred read you and me; and if they find nothing in us, they set the whole thing aside as a myth.—Moody.

Sirs, I have devoured it [the Bible], finding in it words suitable to and descriptive of the states of my mind. The Lord, by his Divine Spirit, has been pleased to give me an understanding of what I read therein.—Alexander I, Czar of Russia.

HUMOR.

In a north-country board-school a class of children were asked by an inspector the meaning of "righteous indignation." The reply probably astonished him: "Being angry, sir, and never swearing."—Midland Christian Advocate.

"What are the most notable features about football as it is played here?" inquired the visiting Englishman, who was interested in sports.

"Broken noses," replied the native.—Epworth Herald.

Logical: Mamma—"Willie, shut that window-screen. You're letting the flies in." Willie—"Well, you've got to let some of 'em in." Mamma—"Why?" Willie—"'Cause if you don't let 'em in, how are they goin' to get on the fly-paper?"—Philadelphia Press.

A natural cure: "What is the remedy for poverty?" demanded the lecturer, in thunder tones. He paused for a reply, and during the pause a man in the rear of the hall called out: "You might try the gold cure."—Detroit Free Press.

"Your husband seems to be making a large and unique collection of books," remarked the caller, looking with interest at the costly array of rare volumes on the library shelves. "Yes," replied Mrs. Gaswell, with well-bred indifference; "I believe he becomes more bibulous every day he lives."—Literary Life.

"It is a great pity your husband has to be away from home so much; but you are not left entirely alone. That's one comfort. Willie is getting to be quite a man, and grows more and more like his father every day."

"Oh, yes; he goes about the house with his suspenders hanging down about half the time."—Epworth Herald.

A willing youth: "You say that you don't care for the salary, so long as you can get a chance to work?" said the billionaire. "That's the idea," said the youth with the sharp nose and chin; "I am willing to start right in at a big reduction, and take one of those twenty-five-thousand-dollar positions you say are so hard to fill at half the money."—Washington Star.

A cash transaction at Concord: Mrs. Eddy—"There is no matter; all is mind." Learner—"Is money matter?" Mrs Eddy—"There is no matter." "Well, I have a million dollars in my mind. Will you please cash me a check for a hundred thousand?" Mrs. Eddy—"Yes, in my mind." Learner—"No matter—never mind."—Daily Advertiser.

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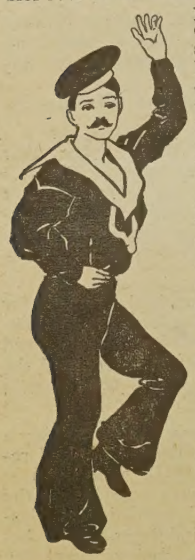
Jolly Jack Tar.

"Jolly" is the word generally associated with the jack tar. He is the picture of health, and the health bubbles over in mirth and merriment. When



people are sick, especially when sickness attacks the lungs the doctor often advises a sea voyage. But in the large majority of cases the sea voyage is impossible.

It is to the men and women of the workaday world to whom sea voyages or change of climate are impossible, that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery comes as the greatest earthly boon. The effect of this medicine upon those whose lungs are "weak" is remarkable. Even where there is bronchitis, spitting of blood, emaciation, weakness, conditions which if unchecked or unskillfully treated lead to consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" in ninety-eight cases out of a hundred works a perfect and permanent cure. It strengthens the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, so that the body in all its parts is not merely fed but nourished. And it is by nourishment that Nature builds up the body to resist or throw off disease.

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SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

One principle which ought to permeate the reciprocal relations of family life is that of self-improvement for the sake of others. "Get that you may give," was the strong, terse motto given by a favorite teacher to the pupils in a girl's school. "Make the most of your life that you may do most for the lives of others," said Phillips Brooks. But what shall we get that may contribute to the enrichment of other lives? Not material things surely. These are hedged about with moneyed values quite out of proportion, usually, to our purses. Fortunately, the essential possessions—love, joy, peace and all graces of the Spirit—are attainable by the weakest and poorest of us, and these furnish a noble equipment for the wear and tear of daily life. We say, in hackneyed phrase, "I cannot afford" this or that. But we can afford these priceless gifts of character. Nay, in the ordering of our home life we cannot afford to be without them. However meager our mental endowments, however barren our external surroundings, we may yet have the "moral sentiment" which Emerson tells us is "the foundation of culture as of character." There is encouragement here for the most humble and ordinary woman.

To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent, O Lord, my God, I will give thanks unto thee forever.

When a lazy man saws wood he always picks for the little sticks. When a lazy Christian—but there are no real Christians of that kind! —Young People.

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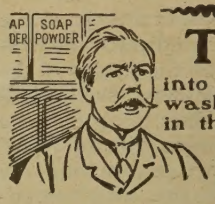

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"None of us liveth to himself." Our unspoken example, the spirit of our lives, our common words, are all influencing those about us, whether we realize it or not.—Dr. Smith Baker.

There is no such thing as negative influence. We are all positive in the place we occupy, making the world better or making it worse.—Talmage.

We are punished by our sins rather than for them.

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